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THE LILY OF LORN.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

DREAMS! dreams all!—the veriest dreams are those bright, joyous aspirations in which young hearts indulge. And saddened to know them such, the kindly older person smiles mournfully, and says, "dream on!—not for worlds would I destroy the illusions which must, at best, fade too soon."

The young man, gay and hopeful, conscious of talents and learning, adorned with youthful beauty, and feeling a restless energy within which he fancies is to conquer all things, rushes like a high-mettled steed into the world's race-course. But alas! he finds no smooth and graded road whence all impediments have been removed, and judges look on to see fair play. He stumbles from the first over petty and unforseen obstacles. Imminent perils meet him at every turn—rivals trip him up—pretended friends misdirect and deceive him, his eager and impatient efforts but involve him in greater difficulty, till at last, with a broken spirit, he is forced to exchange the noble bearing and fiery speed of the racer, for the dog-trot pace and patient air of the work horse.

I will show you another picture. See that young father and mother bending entranced over the cradle of their first child. A rapture is on their faces which only parents can understand. With tears, and smiles, and prayers they vow, with hands clasped above their sleeping boy, to guard him from all evil—to make him, so far as lies in their mortal power, good and happy—so help them God! A dream is in their hearts that their boy may prove, perchance, the exception to the general lot, and grow up untouched by sin or sorrow.

A few years pass, and but a few, and the child so loved and cared for has grown selfish, wilful, and, worse than all, untruthful. The gentle mother cannot rule him, and the father is much from home. The dreams are fading! The mother weeps and trembles. The father is wroth—

> "And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

The tenderness of a father for his first born contends in his heart with the anger a just man feels at mean and unworthy conduct, and in bitterness of spirit he exclaims, "great as is the delight parents have in their children, it is outweighed by the anxiety they endure for them. Better far to be childless than to have one child grow up bad and unprincipled."

See yon fair girl, known for her fragile and delicate beauty, her pale, spiritual loveliness—how she sits and dreams! Her hands are crossed on her knee, but she knows it not. She is looking out, with dreamy eyes, upon her future life as fancy pictures it to her—and this is the vision on which those dreamy eyes are gazing.

A quiet and happy *home*, where order and good taste prevail, where she herself moves the happy presiding goddess—happy, and dispensing happiness to all around her. There is ever one principal figure in this picture—it is he, the beloved, the husband—the good and strong man, loving and beloved, for whom, unseen—unknown though he be, she feels she could lay down her life. Do you not see the latent enthusiasm in that young face? and do you not know what it means? See, she blushes! unreal as that dream-lover is, she feels his arms around her, his kisses on her cheek; she smiles—and ah! she wakes. Her dream is over—often perhaps to be redreamt, perhaps never to be realized. Dream on, for those sweet dreams are most that life has for your craving heart. By inward struggles, and vain yearnings, and silent sufferings, and many prayers, you shall come at last to learn the hard lesson—to live chiefly on hope.

And yet not entirely unblest art thou! For thy fair, pale loveliness hast won for thee, over all the region around thy father's manorial hall, the name of "The Lily of Lorn." Something of suffering there is in thy face, of holy meekness, which adds truth to thy title, though few know why. But we, who see hearts past and future, and, magician-like, summon up, with our wand of fiction, the events of a whole, know well how that sweet melancholy came into thy countenance. It is a relic of what has been, and a prophecy of what is to be: a memento of suffering that is gone, and of an early death to come. Listen, reader, for we will share our secret and our prophecy with you!

Many years ago a couple of youthful lovers were sitting "dreaming" beside the waters of the gentle Avon, in merry England. The moonlight glowed and sparkled on the rippling water, and was reflected so brightly, that the enraptured lover who hung over her could note the blushes that rose and faded on the soft cheek of Mary Selden, "The Lily of Lorn." For the first time that night had she laid aside the maiden reserve, which had hitherto forbidden her lover to approach her with caresses. For the first time that night he pressed her in his arms, and covered her blushing face with his kisses. How could she repulse him, when the morning was to separate them for years? She could not—she had not the heart. With tenderness and dignity she responded to his love, and promised again and again at his demand to preserve her heart pure and loyal to him till his return.

"Farewell, my own beautiful betrothed," he whispered—"farewell for a few short years—with the energy inspired by the hope of winning you, wealth enough to satisfy your father must soon be won, and I return to claim this dear hand. Oh, Mary, do not forget me."

"Impossible, Henry!" replied Mary, looking up tearfully into his face—he bent over her, and one of her soft black curls touched his cheek.

"Mary, may I have this curl as a parting token?" asked the youth.

"They are all yours," Mary replied, smiling through her tears—"choose from your own."

Henry severed a silken curl from the beautiful head, and again farewell was said with oft renewed caresses, and the lovers parted.

On the morrow the youth sailed for America—that land of many dreams, and full of hope began his combat with the world. He had been highly educated at Cambridge, having been qualified for the profession of the law. But being without influential friends, and discouraged by the crowd of rival competitors in his own country, he hoped, not unreasonably, to make his way more successfully in a newer country. But alas! in a new country, if there are indeed fewer lawyers, there are also fewer clients, and our poor friendless adventurer met with small success. Meanwhile his scanty funds were exhausted, and yet unwilling to abandon his profession, for which he had been qualified at so great an expense, he endeavored to eke out his slender means by writing for the magazines and periodicals. Thus struggling, he persevered through much suffering and privation for several years, still hoping to bring himself into notice and success by some fortunate turn in events; but at last absolute distress compelled him to resign his long-cherished hopes, and look lower for some occupation by which to obtain the means of living. For some time he was unsuccessful in finding employment of *any* kind for which he was fitted, and at last was glad to accept a situation as clerk in a store, where, for the first year or two, his remuneration was barely sufficient to procure him the plainest boarding and necessary clothing. It was not till a small increase in his salary was made on the third year, that he was able to make a little allowance toward paying off some debts, which he had incurred during his former struggles, and which had hung like a clog round his conscience ever since.

It was eight years from the time of his leaving England, ere Henry Lober stood once more clear in the world, and could say, "I owe no man a cent." It was two more ere he had two or three hundred dollars which he could call his own. During all these years the thought of his own beloved Mary cheered and encouraged him through sorrow and trial. She wrote to him constantly—she was still faithful, but she too, poor girl, had had to do with struggles and sorrow. Her father had died, to the astonishment of all penniless; the estate passed to creditors; and she was left totally unprovided for. The fair and pensive lady, whom we have seen gazing wistfully out into vacancy, during the first years of Henry's absence, was now no longer lovely, for sorrow and care had sharpened her features, and removed the delicate hue from her cheek. She was no more "The Lily of Lorn," for flatterers had left her with her fortune. Neglected by all, she had been forced to open a little school, by which means she with difficulty made a scanty living. Her health, never strong, failed under her trying and laborious life, and disappointment and sorrow entered deeply into her once joyous heart. Knowing these circumstances, therefore, as soon as Henry Lober could gather the means to pay their passage, he set off, with his emyloyers'

permission, to claim his bride, that at least they might have the poor consolation of suffering together.

Arrived in England, Henry hastened without waiting a moment to the banks of the beloved Avon, and sought the favorite haunt most dear to Mary and himself in past times; the hour of sunset was approaching, and he rightly divined that Mary would be likely to wander there. Enough romance still lingered in his world-beaten heart to make him wish to meet his beloved, after so long and trying an absence, in a spot so sacred to old memories. The river and its banks were unaltered, save that to Henry's eye the stream seemed much smaller than of old, and at some distance more dwellings peeped from their shady coverts. Their own beloved haunt was unchanged; "Mary's walk" was as fresh and green as ever, and the lover paced it impatiently, yet sadly, with busy thoughts. Here he was, after ten years absence, after waiting and struggling, no richer in pocket than when he left home, and with a heart in his bosom so deadened and hardened by long contest with the world, that it had but one soft spot in it—his love for the bright, beautiful girl, who on this very spot had permitted his farewell kisses and embraces—those kisses whose remembrance had had power, through all those years, to thrill his heart, so often as thought recurred to them.

The rustle of an approaching step awoke Henry from his reverie, a slight female form was advancing slowly, and he drew quickly back behind some trees and shrubs, thinking to gaze on his beloved, one moment, first, himself unseen. She advanced—his Mary—but how altered; ten years had changed the beautiful girl of twenty to the faded woman of thirty. Sickness too, and hope deferred, and struggles with poverty and sorrow had done their work, and not a trace remained of that beauty which was painted in fadeless colors on the lover's memory. Even the curls so associated in his mind with Mary's image were gone, and the pale, sad face he looked on was shaded by smooth, dark hair, plainly and simply arranged.

Poor Henry! (blame him not, reader, it was but human nature) was inexpressibly shocked; his highly-wrought feelings underwent such a revulsion that he could not advance to meet this *stranger*, whom, though he yet *knew* her to be his Mary, he did not recognize—he allowed her to pass on, and escaping from his concealment, he hastened to his lodgings, and locked himself in his room.

Let us not inquire to narrowly into the throbbings of that troubled and disappointed heart.

The next day Mary received the following letter:—

"My Dear Mary—After ten years absence I am once more on English ground. I have returned to renew to you the offer of my hand, but I must not conceal from you that I am an altered and a disappointed man—that even the youthful enthusiasm of my passion for you, the last dream the world spared me has faded, never I fear to be renewed in its first warmth and glow. I have not even a competence to offer you, notwithstanding all my efforts. All I now dare to hope is, that we may bear our burdens together, aiding and sustaining each other. A sad end to our early dreams, Mary—pardon me the want of success which has made your life, I fear, as well as mine, a blank—God knows I strove to have it otherwise.

"Mary, in your hands lay my few remaining earthly hopes, Henry Lober."

Mary replied—

"Come to me, Henry—you cannot be so much changed as I am—youth, health, and beauty gone—gifts so prized for your sake, but my heart remains the same—the heart that adores you.

Ever your faithful Mary."

The meeting so long delayed, so long pined for was painful to both—both felt the changes time had made, and the past, and past feelings, to one of them, at least, had vanished like a dream. It was not with the idolized Mary of his youth that Henry now held converse, but with another, different—and yet most loving and gentle being, to whom he felt himself irresistibly drawn by a new and strange tie. She, alone in all the world, knew and understood his past life. She too, like him, had suffered, and the strong bond of sympathy knit their souls together.

They were married, and Henry Lober carried his delicate wife with him across the Atlantic. He returned to his business, but every moment he could call his own was devoted to the frail, tender being, to whom his heart clung more fondly every day. To him she looked for every thing, and he came to love her with a depth and tenderness unknown to the passion of his youth. He learned to rest on her loving heart as on the one thing certain in a world of change. One last fond dream he yet indulged in—it was the picture of his Mary restored to health by his watchful care, smiling and happy. But in vain, that gentle and loving being was cherished and tended too late. Ere she left England sorrow and care had planted death in her bosom, and in a few years Henry consigned to the earth that frail, beloved form, and with her was buried the last dream of his youth.

Still faithful to the memory of that gentle,

constant spirit, as life wears on Henry Lober's heart admits no new love, and often in the evening, sitting by his solitary fireside, the old man draws forth from some secret hiding-place two locks of hair; one is a jet black, glossy curl—the other a faded tress of strait hair, streaked here and there with grey. They are the relics of the two Marys—for him they are always two. The old man gazes at them wistfully—he knows not which is the most dear; his eyes grow dim—surely he is dreaming still—yes; but his dreams are now not hopes, but memories.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

He lay within his garret,
The roof sloped dim and low;
Through the disjointed shingles
Came down the sifted snow.

His watchers! had they left him
In his pauper bed to die,
And go shivering to his Maker,
With no one standing by?

None listened to his groaning,
But the scanty quilt was stirred
By the wintry wind, whose moaning
Was all the sound he heard.

The rafters loomed above him
With a blackness grim and dread,
Like dark, unstable bridges,
That his weary soul must tread.

No father, mother, near him,
No sister hovering round!
No kindred love to cheer him
In the darkness so profound.

He knew that he was dying,
That no human help was near,
And from his marble eyelids
There rolled a single tear.

His breath came hard and dumbly,
His hands were meekly pressed
And folded—oh, how numbly—
Upon his torpid breast.

His dying eyes were lifted,
And through the solemn gloom,
Where icy gusts were drifted
In wailing through the room—

There came a single starbeam,
A flash of holy light,
And he knew that God was watching
By his death-bed in the night.

Those lips were almost marble,
But they brightened into prayer.
When they found him in the morning
A smile had frozen there.

A LOVE CHAUNT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When again the soft-lipp'd zephyrs
Kiss the roses sweet of June,
And the sea is gently swelling
'Neath the pale and loving moon;
When the winds go chaunting sweetly
To the fair and drooping flowers,
Wooing them, with low complaining,
All the still and dreaming hours;

When the streamlet's murmur'd music
Thrills the heart with thoughts of love,
And the stars look down like angels
Dreaming in their homes above;
When the fays once more are romping
By the hill-side—in the glen—
Bringing back each glorious vision;
Luv'd one, I will meet thee then!

And the kiss of soft-lipp'd zephyrs
Shall not rival that of mine,
Nor the water's song of gladness,
Half so sweet as tones of thine;
Nor the star-gems, wildly gleaming
'Midst the breathless Summer skies,
Thrill me like the fire sleeping
Deep within thine love-lit eyes!

With my dear and warm caressing,
Ev'ry earth-born care will flee,
And the rosy, "mist-hung future,"
Seem one dream of love to thee;
And with deep and fond devotion
I will sue at thy pure shrine,
Whilst the blest may gaze in envy,
As I clasp thee, love, as mine!

PROCRASTINATION.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"Sure, sir, and here's little Master Charles nearly tumbled out of winder and broke his precious neck, the jewel."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Garston, in alarm, "I told you to be particularly careful, and not to let him go near the open window."

"Sure, sir, and it was myself that watched him like a cat watching a mouse, but you see when I turned my back to him a minute, what does he do but run to the winder and climb up to it, and when I set eyes on him, whisht!—it was all, but he was out; but I took holt of him by the skirts, and saved the jewel."

"You must be more careful in future, Bridget."

"If I might make so bould, sir, I would say that if you was to get the bars that you were talking about put up——"

"Yes, yes, I recollect. I will try to think of it by-and-bye, but I have so many things to think of. I'll get them by-and-bye, Bridget, and then there will be no more danger."

Mr. Garston took his way to office, intending to call on a carpenter on his way and send him to the house. He was alarmed at the narrow escape of his only child, for since the death of his wife, a year before, he had concentrated all his affection on the little boy, and was in hourly dread of losing him.

The carpenter's shop lay a little out of his regular way to office, and when he came to the corner of the street leading to it he hesitated.

"There'll be that countryman waiting for me, and I can call on the carpenter when I go home to dinner."

So he passed on to his business and thought no more of his son's danger.

"Here's been an insurance agent," remarked the book-keeper, "and left his card."

Mr. Garston took it up, and then glanced around the warehouse.

"Yes, I shall have to get the stock insured, as most of this property will have to lie in store for some time. I'll call on this agent some time soon and see about his terms."

"Had you not better call to-day?" inquired the book-keeper. "There was a fire in Clay street, last night, and they say there are incendiaries about."

"Indeed! Well, I'll call immediately. Such things should not be neglected. What day is this—Friday? Dear me, there is a note of a thousand dollars due at the bank to-day, and I have not yet provided for it. I must gather up some funds to meet it or there will be a protest. How much money have you got there, Smith?"

"Only eighty dollars, or so, and there is Carter's bill to be paid to-day."

"True—true. Let me see—hum—let me see—ah, yes—I'll go and see."

The forenoon was passed in the endeavor to collect money enough to meet the note, but every one seemed to be short as well as himself. One had just paid a bill, another had a note to meet at bank, and a third could have done it very well yesterday, but had made some heavy purchases which had taken up all his funds. So he turned home, somewhat dispirited, to get his dinner.

"Plaze, sir, did you see the carpenter about them bars?" inquired Bridget, as she arranged his solitary dinner.

"No," he replied, rather curtly, "I have got something else to think of just now."

"But Master Charles," persisted Bridget.

"I'll see about it in the evening," interrupted he, in a tone that cut short all further conversation.

Hastily despatching his meal, he made his way to office.

"Has any money come in?" was his first inquiry.

"Jones & Green have paid in one hundred dollars on account," was the answer.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a dollar. Have you seen about the insurance yet?"

"No, have had no time for it."

"The insurance office is just in the way to the bank," persisted the book-keeper, "and they might be gone when you go by in the evening."

"I can't stay to bother about it now," was the testy answer, "I must see how to meet that note. Confound it, if I had seen about it yesterday, it would have been all right."

"I told you yesterday morning of its being due to-day," remarked the book-keeper.

"I know that; but I didn't think everybody was going to be so short to-day, and thought I

should have no trouble in collecting it: but there it is, it can't be helped now."

After another round, the money was collected, and the note taken up just before the bank closed. Tired with his exertions, he returned to his office, and flinging himself into a chair, took up a newspaper.

"Seen the insurance agent?" inquired the book-keeper.

"No, not yet. I'll go home a little earlier and drop in to see him. The insurance must be effected at once, that's a fact."

An interesting article in the paper took up his attention for some time, then a neighbor dropped in, and a discussion relative to the merits of the affair treated of in the newspaper was entered into. Suddenly Mr. Garston pulled out his watch.

"Half past five, I declare! It's no use trying to find the insurance agent to-night, but I'll call on him the first thing in the morning."

As he passed homeward, he recollected the window bars, and turned up the street to see the carpenter. The carpenter said he would call on the following day and fix the bars, and with the feeling of having done his duty he went home.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mr. Garston, as he started from his bed that night in obedience to a loud rapping at the door, and loud calls for him.

"Get up, Mr. Garston; it's Bridget. There's a great fire down town, and they are shouting it is near your store."

Mr. Garston ran to the window and threw it up. The sky was lit up with the reflection of a great fire, and a single glance sufficed to show him that his store was involved in the conflagration.

"Ruined—lost—no insurance—not a dollar!" gasped the unfortunate man, as he staggered back. "And I might have saved it all!"

He was dressed in a few moments, and was soon at the scene of destruction. The moment he came at the edge of the crowd he saw he was a ruined man. His large store was one body of fire.

Pushing his way through the crowd, he soon reached the inner edge of the crowd, where he encountered his book-keeper.

"Anything saved, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing, sir. The building was all on fire before any one could get in."

The ruined merchant stared vacantly at the burning pile, until the walls fell with a heavy crash, and then with a burdened heart he turned toward home.

"Oh, Mr. Garston, oh, sir, oh—oh!" sobbed Bridget, as she opened the door to admit him.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed he, in dread of some fresh disaster.

"Oh, sir; Master Charles——"

"What—what—in the name of heaven, what has happened to my boy?" gasped Mr. Garston, clutching the arm of his domestic.

"The winder, sir; the winder was open for us to see the fire—and Master Charles came up by the sly to look out—and—and—oh, sir, oh——"

Dashing past the woman in a perfect frenzy of despair, he rushed into his parlor, and flung himself beside the couch on which was stretched the form of his boy, with his features all dabbled with blood, and his bright locks clotted together.

"Speak to me, Charles, my boy, my own boy—speak to me. Oh, God! my boy, my own darling boy!"

He felt his breast and his temples, but there was no sign of life—all was cold—yes! deathly cold.

"Oh, that I had attended to the danger before—that I had not put off what I ought to have done at once! My boy, my own bright boy, lost through my PROCRASTINATION!"

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

STAINLESS and bright, a being of light,
She grac'd the circle that festal night,
Then pass'd away.
Brief was her stay,
As the flowers they wove in her garland that day
For the festal night.

Sadly they stand, while she parts the band,
To seek her love in a strange land,
And find him not.
Her's was the lot,
Like that garland to fade ere she reach'd the spot,
In that distant land.

Slowly they gave her form to the wave,
To sleep unseen in its coral grave.
She lists no more
The wild sea's roar,
She sleeps far away from that bright sunny shore,
In her coral grave.

A "THOROUGH-BRED" REVENGE.

BY KATE HARKAWAY.

"Doctor Morgan," as his diploma made him, or Tom Morgan, as his friends called him, was certainly a good representative of manly beauty, as he sat in his negligent attitude that fine September morning, with his loose blouse displaying to the greatest advantage his tall, graceful figure, and his low-crowned, wide-brimmed Palmetto shading his fine bronzed face and open brow, around which the black hair curled negligently. But the charm of Tom's face, in his own opinion, was his moustache. In fact, dear reader, it *was* a model moustache! his white teeth gleamed out in such contrast with its silky blackness, and then it formed such a beautiful arch above the finely-cut chin, and below the aquiline nose with its mobile nostrils, that we do not wonder that Tom made such a pet of it, uneffeminate as he was.

Well, Tom Morgan was whistling away for dear life snatches of tunes, in which Yankee Doodle and a favorite hunting song bore a prominent part, examining his fishing-tackle and assorting his artificial flies with care, when his sister Lucy stepped out of the French window on the piazza.

"Oh, Tom," said she, "I'm so glad you are here. I've just had a letter from papa, and what do you think? he says he has persuaded Grace Stanley to come home with him."

"Why, I think that I had much rather she would stay away," was the ungracious reply.

"Oh, Tom! but I do want you to know Grace so much, she is so beautiful, and fascinating."

"So is a rattle-snake," was again the rejoinder, to which was added a whistle on a low key.

Lucy's fair face was clouded as she answered. "But papa is so pleased with her, that he says he urged her to come very much, and he is quite fastidious, you know. And——" here her face brightened as she run her eyes down the letter, "and oh, Tom, she rides beautifully, and is going to bring her own horse with her."

Tom threw down his fly with a jerk, and stared at his sister, saying,

"Lucy, I believe you're a born fool. That paragon of yours has every virtue under the blue canopy, and 'rides beautifully' besides. Pray, where does a young lady, who has lived in the city all her life, learn to ride?"

"Why in the riding-schools to be sure," said his sister.

Tom gave a more expressive whistle than any which had preceded it, and went on with his flies as if the subject admitted of no further discussion.

"But, Tom, papa has seen the horse, and says it is both gay and beautiful."

"So is a young lamb, or a calf," retorted the brother; "but I judge there would not be much difficulty in sticking on their backs, particularly if one was learned in a riding-school. I expect Miss Grace's horse is like the model one for young ladies in novels, with beautiful arched neck, long tail, gay and spirited, yet gentle and docile, &c. &c.; now I tell you a horse isn't worth his feed if he hasn't a spice of the de'il in him."

"Well, but you can teach Grace," said Lucy, coaxingly, thinking that by flattering his *amour propre*, she could enlist her brother's vanity in her friend's favor.

"Teach her indeed! Yes, and I suppose that after one or two lessons she would be able to ride 'Lightning,' or papa's 'Thunderbolt,'" was the answer.

"I dare say she could," replied Lucy, quickly. "I never saw her undertake anything at school which she did not accomplish."

"Well," said Tom, ironically, "there *is* a strong resemblance between mastering the French verb 'to love,' and a horse like 'Lightning.' But there is no use talking about it, Lu, and instead of staying at Mayo's for only a few days, till I'm tired of fishing, I may be gone some weeks. I can't stand fine lady airs, and otto of rose scented handkerchiefs, and all that sort of thing. I really believe that there are but two sensible women in creation; my mother and yourself."

"And Bell Hamilton," said Lucy, slyly.

"Well, yes, Bell is a fine woman; good-hearted and unaffected; and then she rides like a Camanche; and drives a four in hand as if she had been born on a stage-coach."

"But, Tom," and here Lucy placed her little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, "don't stay longer at Mr. Mayo's than you at first intended. Grace will be here now in about a week, and it will look so rude for you to be away."

"No use talking about it, Lu, I tell you I can't stand it. I think I shall take a trip to the West. You can tell your friend that the doctor has ordered a diet of bear's meat or buffalo steaks for me."

So Tom went on his fishing excursion, and Mr. Morgan and Grace Stanley arrived and found him absent.

And now these beautiful September mornings saw Grace and Lucy on horseback, galloping over fields sparkling with dew, and taking the low fences and narrow ditches in their way; Grace only practising, it is true, for though her leaping in the riding-school had tended to give her a firm seat, it had scarcely prepared her for the bars which would *not come* down if her horse's feet struck them; but he strode them like a noble fellow as he was, and after a little time she felt no fear of any fence in the county.

Tom Morgan at last grew tired of good old Izaak Walton's gentle sport and returned home, little suspecting that Grace, who had obtained a pretty accurate insight into his character from his father and sister, had prepared herself with a whole battery of mischief with which to charge him.

"By Jove, Miss Stanley, that beast of yours is a beauty," said he, after his inspection of the stables, which followed immediately upon his shaking hands with his father and mother. "Blooded too! pretty near a thorough-bred, I should say," continued Tom, "clean limbed, and as light as a deer. Make a splendid racer; I should like to put him around the course."

"I hear that you are so good a judge of horses that I feel flattered by your approval," replied Grace.

"Oh, but, Tom, you ought to see him in action, he is magnificent, I assure you," said his sister.

"Well, let's take a gallop to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast, I want so to be on Lightning's back again. I won't ride very fast, if you are timid about it, Miss Stanley," said Tom, suddenly, as he noticed Grace's elegant dress and quiet manner, which made her look as if she had never been out of a drawing-room in her life.

"No, sir, I am not *very* timid; I think I may venture to go, if you did not ride *too* fast," replied Grace, with a sly smile at Lucy, who turned away her laughing face.

"A pity that such a fine animal should be wasted on a *woman*, and one who can't appreciate him too," muttered Tom to himself. "I'd like to buy him if I dare make the offer; and, by Jove, I bet Bell Hamilton could ride him."

"Come, Grace, dear, give us some music, we've had none to-night," said old Mr. Morgan.

Grace took her seat at the piano, and in spite of his contempt for women in general, and city women in particular, Tom could not but acknowledge that she was very beautiful. Her tall, slender, but rounded figure was so graceful in its outlines, there was so much character in her face, lighted up by her large, hazel eyes, and shaded by the abundant chesnut hair with its golden tinge, which did not curl, but wave down the side of her face. Every motion and attitude, whilst perfectly unaffected, had the unrestrained self-possession acquired by habitual intercourse with society.

"A perfect doll in appearance, with not a bit more character," soliloquized Tom, as Grace played brilliant overtures, and sung popular opera gems.

"Do you like ballads, Mr. Morgan?" asked the lady, whilst an arch smile rippled over her face, to be succeeded by a provoking demureness; and forthwith she commenced "The Lone Moore," and "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," besides one or two others in the same key; and when she had finished them she exclaimed,

"Really as you like that kind of music so much, I must sing you the tender ballad of 'Lord Lovell,' it's so sentimental."

"By Jove! no, madam, if you please. I despise ballad music; I feel as if you had been singing my death song," said Tom, vehemently, his irritation getting the better of his politeness, "I must bid you good evening, as I have come so far to-day."

But he had not closed the parlor door, when Grace commenced in her clear, rich voice the famous old hunting song, "A southerly breeze and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning."

Tom stood in the hall and listened for a moment, then returned to the parlor to look for a newspaper, which he knew perfectly well was in his own coat pocket. Grace finished her song with a spirit and dash that delighted him; but immediately after commenced the beautiful little one of Bulwer's, "When stars are in the quiet sky."

Tom gave an almost audible groan, and bid the family good night for the second time, muttering "humbug" between his teeth as he went up stairs.

The next morning, with its bright sunshine and delicious air, found the horses saddled for our equestrians before the hall door.

Grace's tall, slender figure looked remarkably well in her forest green riding habit, and low-crowned black hat with its long floating plume; but it must be confessed that in despite of her

beauty, Tom watched her approach with a slight feeling of annoyance, for he had worked himself into the belief that Miss Stanley was a mere fashionable, awkward, and timid horseman, and that his morning's ride would be spoiled in consequence.

"Bell Hamilton's scarlet dress is a great deal handsomer; she knows how to do the thing up right—the English women always follow the hounds in scarlet," soliloquized Tom, as Grace descended the steps, just raising her long skirt enough to expose the tip of a beautiful little patent leather Wellington.

Miss Stanley approached her horse, examined the saddle-girths and curb-chain, patted him on the neck, and was about placing her hand on the pommel to be mounted, when Tom called out to the groom,

"Here, you black rascal, where is Miss Stanley's martingal?"

"She not ride wid one, sar, he, he, he!" answered Sam, grinning from ear to ear, and no more minding being called a "black rascal," than if he had been termed a gentleman.

"Not ride with a martingal, Miss Stanley? Why your horse will rear, or throw up his head and run off, as sure as you mount him," said Tom, "but I might have expected some such folly from a young lady who learned the management of a horse in a *riding-school*, forsooth!" but this last sentence was *sotto voce*.

Grace said not a word, but stood quietly with her hand still on the pommel, and Tom was about lifting her into the saddle, when he saw Sam standing a few yards off watching the operation.

"What in the name of mischief do you mean, Sam? Come here, right away, and hold the horse's head while I mount Miss Stanley."

"She no want him held, Massa Tom," answered Sam.

"Do as I tell you, you lazy dog, or I'll break my riding-whip over you," thundered Tom, now almost angry with Sam, who only laughed. He, however, took hold of the bridle at a threatening gesture from his master, but the horse plunged and reared so, that it was impossible to attempt mounting.

"Let go, Sam, if you please," said Grace, quietly. "Steady, Sultan, steady, sir," continued she to the horse, caressing him, and patting him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was obedient to her voice, and rubbing his head on her arm. Again she took the reins firmly in her right hand, placed it on the pommel, and putting her little foot in Tom's huge palm, she rose to her saddle with the lightness of a bird.

"You have your curb-rein too tight, I think, Miss Stanley," said Tom, as he was turning away to look for Lucy.

"No, sir, I always ride with it so. You see my horse is obedient to my lightest touch: look how finely his neck is arched. And what a splendid position it is in, and that too without the aid of a martingal."

Tom thought to himself, "wait till he gets into a canter or a trot, and we'll see the 'position' his head will be in," but as Sultan commenced pawing the air and ground, and throwing his head about as if in delight at having his mistress on his back, Tom could not help feeling that all these innovations on the good old style of riding, heterodox though they might be, were really wonderful.

Lucy was soon mounted, and the party started off on a brisk canter. Tom looked at Grace in astonishment. Bell Hamilton's bold horsemanship was forgotten in that of the lady by his side. Such steadiness but lightness of hand, such a firm seat, such readiness and completeness of management of one of the gayest animals he had ever seen, such unity of action in horse and rider, threw him into ecstasies of delight.

"What do you think of 'Lightning,' Miss Stanley?" asked Tom, for he now considered Grace quite competent to give an opinion on the subject.

"He is a fine horse, but I should not like to ride him," was the reply.

"He is quite gentle, and there would be no danger, for you, I think!" said Tom.

"Oh, I have no fear of him," retorted Grace, "but he is not properly trained," and though the side of the cheek which was turned toward the gentleman was exceedingly demure, her eyes sparkled, and her mouth dimpled with suppressed mischief.

"'Not properly trained'—pray, Miss Stanley, can you instruct me how *to* train him properly?" asked Tom, ironically, whilst an incipient flash, which very much resembled the name of his horse, shot from his eyes. In truth, Grace had touched him on a most tender point; he considered himself the best breaker of horses in Maryland.

"I should really like to take lessons from you: can you teach me?" he continued, with a mocking smile.

"Oh, very easily, if you have any capacity for learning; but some persons are *so* stupid about horses," replied Grace, with provoking gravity.

Tom bit his lip, put his spurs into Lightning's side, deeper than they had gone since he was a colt being broken, and rushed off in a gallop.

Grace gave a little, merry laugh, chirruped to Sultan, and followed.

They rode on for half a mile, side by side, without drawing rein, till Tom suddenly recollected his sister, who on her little mare Gipsey, was coming along at a more moderate pace.

"I think," said Grace, as they turned to meet Lucy, "that you gentlemen who take riding as children do the measels, ought to be brought under proper treatment. Now there are the spurs, which should be used only to gather a horse with properly, I see you use just to irritate him. Lightning would not have run off just now, if he had not been improperly spurred."

Lightning run off! shade of Nimrod! didst thou desert Tom Morgan, of hunting memory, in that dilemma.

In truth, Tom was angry enough to have put the spurs deeper still in Lightning's side; but he remembered that Miss Stanley was his father's guest, so he said as calmly as possible,

"I was not aware that my horse *did* run off, till you informed me."

"Oh, excuse me, sir," replied Grace, "I thought he did; he pulled so, that I wonder your arm is not drawn from the socket. But then I ride Sultan with so easy a curb that perhaps I am no judge. It's a pity though that Lightning is not properly trained," and placing her whip for a moment on her horse's neck, she put him into a trot, and started off.

Tom Morgan rode home moodily enough. Grace and Lucy had all the conversation to themselves, and their gay sallies and merry laugh irritated that miserable gentleman only the more.

"Oh, there is Bell Hamilton's horse. She's come to call on you, Grace," said Lucy, as they approached the house. "She's been on a visit in Delaware, or I suspect she would have been to see you before."

And there she was, sure enough, striding up and down the drawing-room, in the famous scarlet habit which Tom admired so vastly, with a couple of large dogs following her, very much in the same manner as the Danish coach-dogs which we see running between carriage wheels.

Tom greeted the young amazon with unusual *empressement;* it was quite refreshing to find some one who admired his riding and his horse unconditionally, after the severe criticisms of Grace; and Bell and himself had always preserved inviolate, a mutual admiration on that subject.

"She's deucedly handsome," said Tom, inwardly, as if to convince himself of the fact, if he had had any misgivings, and then he turned his eyes to the centre-table, by which Miss Stanley was leaning in a graceful attitude, drawing off her Swedish leather gauntlets. But after all *her* face seemed to bewitch him, as gay or grave thoughts passed across it like sunshine and shadows, while she sat now with one white hand on the table toying with her little whip.

Bell's loud laugh struck his ear a little unpleasantly just then, as she was describing with great glee to her listeners, her adventures with a pair of almost unbroken colts which she had been endeavoring to drive tandem.

She was unquestionably though, a fine-looking woman, with her large, well-developed figure, and handsome, though somewhat bold face. She was sitting now in a negligent attitude on one end of the sofa, with her right limb stretched out to its full length, tapping her boot with her heavy riding-whip, whilst her two dogs crouched at her feet. Grace with her artist eyes could not help admiring her; and she felt some curiosity to see the greatest horsewoman in Maryland in the saddle.

"By Diana, Miss Stanley, that's a splendid animal of yours," said Bell, looking out of the window; "most too light though, I should think, for much service, especially such service as our horses get here in fox-hunting, he'd be used up in no time;" and then she went into so knowing a disquisition upon the stock and pedigree of her own horse, that it astonished Grace.

An appointment was made by Miss Hamilton to meet them for a ride on the following morning; and then whistling to her dogs, who in the meanwhile had gone into the hall on an exploring expedition, she rose to take leave.

"I wonder you don't fall in love with her, Mr. Morgan," said Grace, to the gentleman, as he returned to the room from mounting Bell, "she'd make a splendid picture of the hunter's goddess, by whom she's so fond of ejaculating. Diana herself was never handsomer. Probably she objects though to the honor of your hand—she seems to have a good deal of common sense," and Grace, who turned to pick up her gloves and whip, did not see the expression of Tom's face as he replied,

"I never saw a woman yet I would have for a wife, though Miss Hamilton comes nearer to it than any one I know."

"Oh, you *could* get her then if you wanted her? Well, she is really a fine creature, I'd advise you to think better of it," and with a smile Grace left the room.

Tom Morgan walked up and down the parlor almost stamping with anger; his irritation which had been accumulating all the morning, now

nearly approached a climax, for every single man's self-love is touched when a woman resigns so coolly all title to his admiration or love as Grace had done.

But alas for the equestrians! the next day, and the next, and the next, they awoke to find the rain beating drearily against their window panes, and to hear the wind in fitful gusts moan around the chimney-tops. The roads were almost hock deep in mud, and consequently impassable.

And yet Tom Morgan was not as near being *ennuied* to death as usual. He scarcely yawned once an hour, and did not above a dozen times a day, go to the window to gaze out with his hands in his pockets, whistling a melancholy tune. Grace and Lucy employed themselves as ladies usually do at such times, in fancy work, chatting, reading, music and singing, and now and then practising the last new waltz.

The fourth day of their imprisonment dawned as drearily as the rest. It seemed to be the advent of a second deluge, without—but within, all was as cheerful as a good-sized, comfortably furnished room, a blazing hickory fire, just giving out enough warmth for a chilly day, books, work-tables, and musical instruments could make it. Grace was at the piano, now rattling off a gay, dashing waltz, now playing a spirited march, then again gliding into something so sad and melancholy, that the ivory keys seemed to sob under her fingers. Old Mr. Morgan was seated in his comfortable arm-chair, spectacles on nose, luxuriating in some half dozen newspapers, which Sam had just brought from the post-office, and would have done well to have sit as a stereotype picture of a man who enjoyed the good things of this life, and took the world easily. Lucy was near the window, with her work-table by her side, engaged upon one of those mysterious pieces of worsted work which women so delight in, and which never appear finished; and Tom was lounging nearly at full length upon the sofa, leaning upon one elbow, and busy in entangling and disarranging his sister's zephyrs.

"Tom," said Lucy, "do give me that skein of green worsted, see how you have broken it. Why don't you find something to do. You'll make a pretty doctor, you never read a book; and none of the slaves even get sick for you to practice upon."

"A doctor," said Grace, who had wheeled around on the piano stool, with one hand still on the keys, and her large, hazle eyes open as if in astonishment, "a doctor! what an idea," and a merry laugh completed the sentence, and she again turned to the piano.

"Yes, madam! a doctor! Is there anything so improbable in that? I can show you my diploma."

"Can you? not worth much, I suspect, for I don't doubt but you felt much more interest in the result of a horse-race than you did in that of your examination."

"Nevertheless," answered he, as calmly as he could, "I *did* pass, and have a legal right to kill any one."

"Lucy dear," said Grace, "if I should be taken ill, please don't let your brother administer any thing to me; he looks now as if he would like to kill me, and he won't hesitate when he has a 'legal right' to do so. Oh, I wouldn't let him extract a splinter from my finger."

"So you doubt my skill as a physician, do you, Miss Grace?" asked Tom.

"Oh, you might make a second or third-rate veterinary surgeon," was the reply; "but I suspect the only medicine you know how to give is Glauber salts."

The gentleman looked completely discomfited; Lucy laughed; old Mr. Morgan's loud, hoarse ha, ha! could be heard half over the house; and Grace commenced singing, "Doctor Calomel."

Tom heard the song to the end, affecting to play with his sister's pet spaniel, but the poor dog got a kick or two more than he was in the habit of receiving, for not performing his tricks correctly, and then his tormentor got up and left the room.

He returned in about an hour, and found Grace and Lucy practising a new waltz.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, beg pardon, *Doctor* Morgan, don't you want to learn this beautiful waltz? I'll teach you," said Grace.

"Thank you, madam," Tom always emphasized the madam to Grace when he was particularly annoyed—"thank you, madam, I've no ambition to make a humming-top of myself."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't find dancing easy—one, two—you seem rather stiff and awkward. Really you ought to be suppled—one, two, three—as they do the horses under the Baucher system."

Tom looked on with a lowering brow, and at last exclaimed,

"If the women had—any sense, it would be inconceivable how they could make such fools of themselves. As it is, I don't see how the deuce they can spend their time hopping around like peas on a hot shovel."

"Oh, we glide into the men's hearts that way—one, two—and at last whirl ourselves into matrimony," replied Grace.

"Well, a man who'd be caught by such a

tee-totum would deserve his fate. It wouldn't be me."

"No," was the answer. "A woman would have to ride into your heart on horseback, or drive in with a four in hand. One, two—Lu alide a little more, if you please."

"Tom, just whistle for us, it puts Grace almost out of breath to dance and count the steps at the same time," said Lucy, "this is it, la, la, la!"

But her brother flatly refused.

"How beautifully Cousin Charles used to whistle," said Grace, "when we waltzed together. Oh, *he* danced divinely," and here her great hazle eyes were rolled up in ecstasy. "You never saw him, did you, Lucy? He's in the Navy, you know, and is somewhere up the Mediterranean now. He promised me a beautiful Spanish mantilla when he returns—they can't be bought in this country."

"Take care, Gracie, that he don't bring you home a Spanish cousin, as well," said Lucy.

"Oh, there's no danger of that; he's called me his little wife ever since I can remember," replied the gipsey, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Tom; but keeping secret the fact that he was engaged to her elder sister.

"Is he very handsome, Grace?" queried Lucy.

"Oh, remarkably; those blue coats with metal buttons are so becoming; and then his imperial! Lucy you never saw *such* an imperial! he don't wear moustaches, they are decidedly vulgar, you know; nobody, scarcely wears them now, but tobacconists and tailors."

Tom had refused to whistle for the girls to waltz by, but he was doing it now for his own amusement, and drumming time vigorously against the window pane with one hand, whilst with the other he fondly stroked his own hirsute pet, which he had thought such an addition to his face in its glossy blackness.

Really this confirmed bachelor of twenty-five, this contemptuous derider of women, was to be pitied. Grace seemed to have taken it upon herself to revenge her whole sex. His own words, uttered before her arrival, almost seemed like a prophecy. Lucy had said she was both beautiful and fascinating, and he had replied that so was a rattle-snake: and very much such a fascination did she now exercise over him. He tried to despise or hate her heartily, but he found himself constantly in her way without power to withdraw. He would leave the room in which she was, twenty times a day, with the determination to avoid her, and as often find himself back again after a very short absence, sometimes with but a frivolous pretext for returning, sometimes with none at all.

At the end of the week the rain had ceased, the sun came out, the roads dried up finely, and our party, with Bell Hamilton, was once more in the saddle.

"Can you take a fence or a ditch?" asked Tom of Grace, as they cantered slowly along.

"Not a very high fence, nor a very wide ditch I'm afraid," was the answer.

"*Miss Hamilton* thinks *nothing* of one of our jagged worm fences," said Tom.

They were now approaching the place where the girls had practised leaping, during Tom's absence; and as Grace had her head turned partially back speaking to Lucy, Sultan, recollecting his old lessons, suddenly left the road and took the fence.

His mistress was unprepared for the movement, but she never swerved in her saddle. Tom Morgan was breathless with astonishment; and Bell cried out, "bravo, bravo," at the top of her lungs.

Grace had checked her horse the instant he touched the ground, and he now stood pawing the earth, and tossing his head as if he had really done something worthy of praise.

"Wait a moment, Miss Stanley, and I'll let down the bars for you," said Mr. Morgan.

"No, thank you, sir, Sultan came over for his own pleasure, and now he must go back for mine," and cantering a short distance across the field, she turned and put his head at the fence. The horse took it beautifully, and this time Tom Morgan cried, "bravo," as well as Bell Hamilton.

"You're a perfect centaur, I declare, Miss Stanley, you look like a part of your horse," said Bell. Bell was not classical nor mythological, dear reader, but she had some knowledge of the centaurs, of Pegasus, and by the steeds of the sun.

"Now, Miss Stanley, draw your horse up a little," said Tom, as they entered a large field, "there is the widest ditch in Maryland, I verily believe, at the other side. We must go at it in a gallop. Sultan took that fence so kindly that I think he can stride it; if not," and here he laughed maliciously, "you will come out rather muddy. No danger to bones though, it is very soft, I assure you."

Grace knew her horse and herself both too well to feel much doubt about clearing the ditch, but as she approached it at a gallop she felt a moment's hesitation—it looked to her almost as wide as a small creek. The doubt was fatal, for in her unwonted nervousness she drew up her horse's head and spurred him too soon, and he was ready for the leap three feet too far from

the ditch. He gathered himself beautifully, however, and sprang like a deer, but instead of clearing the opposite bank, Sultan's feet stuck in the mud, about half way up the further side, and only recovered himself from a complete stumble by Grace's firm hand, though he had nearly unseated her.

"Splendidly done by Jove," called out Tom, who was safe on *terra firma*, "that recovery showed better horsemanship than a clear leap would have done."

Bell Hamilton came over after them with as good a stride as Tom's own; but Lucy, who was not so adventurous, rode further down and took the ditch at a narrower place.

Every day now saw the party galloping over fields, taking fences and ditches in their way, sometimes through thick woods, with such low hanging branches that their heads were on their horse's manes. Miss Hamilton sometimes drove over to take Grace out for a "trot," as she termed it; carried a stop watch, and felt as much anxiety about the difference between 2-38 and 2-40, as if a large purse depended on it. In that one thing she did certainly excel Grace;—she handled the "ribbons" as dexterously as any Jehu in the state.

"Hollo! my embryo Loyo, where are you?" she called out to Grace one morning, as she mounted the steps of Mr. Morgan's piazza.

Grace made her appearance at the breakfast room window.

"Get your bonnet, child," said Bell to her, "I've come to give you a splendid ride, such a pair of horses you never were behind yet. Really it's a pleasure to drive one who appreciates it as you do; but as to that chicken-hearted Luce," continued she, laughingly, "I always expect a fit of hysterics before I get her back."

"Grace, I warn you not to go," said Lucy, "Bell is naturally a reckless driver, and she's determined to break your neck from sheer jealousy of your horsemanship."

Bell's whip was raised threateningly at the speaker, but Grace making her appearance just then, bonnet in hand, they sprang into the stanhope and were off.

"Isn't that leader a beauty?" queried Bell, for she was driving tandem, "whew! what a time I had with him the first day I tried him, but I drove him till he was pretty well mastered, and he has been on his good behavior ever since."

"Are those the colts I heard you speaking of?" asked Grace, who now began to think that Lucy's remark about Bell's recklessness nearly true.

"Yes, to be sure, but *ain't* they beauties?" and touching the leader with her whip, they started off into a fine trot.

The splendid animals seemed really to merit their mistress' encomiums. They went along evenly and quickly enough till they became sufficiently warmed up to bring out their spirit. Then the signs of an incipient rebellion began to show themselves, and the leader swerved and turned restlessly. Bell's long whip was used unsparingly, but somewhat injudiciously, and the leader even jumped so high once or twice that he nearly cleared the traces. His spirit seemed contagious, for the other horse, who till now had been comparatively manageable, grew as restive as his companion. At last, in spite of Bell's self-possession and firm hand, they got entirely beyond her control, and though Grace never said a word, she expected to be dashed to pieces every moment. They were tearing along now at a terrible pace, but Bell was beginning to hope that as nothing impeded their way, they would soon tire themselves down, and with steady eye and hand she was preparing to guide them so as to avoid a huge oak tree which stood in the middle of the road, when a gun-shot close by them, made the horses spring and dash forward; the stanhope struck the tree, and the girls were thrown to the ground. The infuriated animals never slackened their pace, but kept on with part of the carriage at their heels, whilst Bell, but momentarily stunned, crept out from beneath Grace who had been thrown upon her.

Just then the sportsman, whose gun had caused the misfortune, came hurrying to the spot, with his game-bag and powder-horn slung across his shoulder. It was Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! my God, what have I done?" he cried.

"Is she dead?" asked Bell, pointing to Grace, who lay perfectly insensible.

"I think not, but terribly stunned; run to the brook down yonder and wet these handkerchiefs; we've nothing to carry water in."

Bell started off, making as much haste as the long grass would permit her, whilst Tom raised Grace's insensible form in his arms, and whispered strange words over her; which brought the rosy light flashing across her face, like the Aurora Borealis, on a clear night. To this day we know not what the magic sentence might have been, but Grace vows it was only the ordinary pow-wowing of a medicine man, and seemed satisfied with its efficacy.

A wagon was procured from a farm house near, and Grace was lifted in, a sprained wrist and a few bruises the worse, for her drive with Bell Hamilton.

"I will send Sam for Doctor Murray immediately," said Tom, as he placed Grace upon a sofa.

"Surely that's unnecessary; you know what should be done for such a sprain," was the reply.

"Yes, but then you would not trust it with only 'a second rate veterinary surgeon,' would you?"

Grace laughed merrily in spite of the pain, which her wrist caused her, and Tom proceeded to bathe and bind it up with much dexterity, though the lady declared a better physician would have done it in half the time.

"So he might, if he had not been so deucedly in love as I am," thought Tom; and like all young doctors with but little practice, he seemed inclined to make the most of his patient.

The time at length arrived when Grace's wrist was relieved from baths and bandages, though Tom carefully held it as if not quite assured of its strength, whilst the Aurora Borealis light was again flashing across the lady's face, as she laughingly catechised her physician.

"You'll never say again, that there are no sensible women in the world, except Lucy and your mother, will you?"

"No, no, I promise you."

"You'll let me, sometimes, sing sentimental ballads?" Grace continued, archly.

"Yes, nothing will be too doleful."

"You'll acknowledge that a lady from the city can ride?"

"Yes, better than myself."

"You'll learn to waltz?"

"Yes, I'll go on my head, like a Chinese juggler, if you wish it."

"Well, then, if you will do all that, you may keep your moustache, for it is much handsomer than an imperial, and before you are as old as Methuselah I *may* consent to—*marry* you," but the two last words were said in a whisper, and Grace hurried from the room.

On a bright autumn morning, Tom Morgan was walking up and down the piazza, his head erect and chest thrown back, with all happy emotions lighting up his fine face. His sister joined him, and placing her arm within his, she said,

"But, Tom, how could you give me a woman like a rattle-snake for a sister—a lady full of fine airs and ottar of roses?"

"Luce, have mercy, if you please! I *do* believe she has fascinated me, though. She is such a thorough-bred lady, as well as a thorough-bred horseman."

"Yes," said Lucy, and it was the only time she was guilty of a pun in her life, "and, Tom, she has had a THOROUGH-BRED REVENGE."

REMEMBRANCES.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

I REMEMBER how glorious it was,
When we wander'd together at night,
And counted the stars, which merrily gleam'd
Far up in the azure height;
And how we chose from the shining host,
That glitter'd in bright array,
A favorite star, which should guide us on
Upon life's gloomiest way.

I remember, too, in after years,
When we were sundered afar,
How pleasant it was, in the sweet night-tide,
To gaze on that beaming star;
For I knew that other and dearer eyes
Were watching it in that hour,
And the sweet thought came to my weary heart
With wondrous and kindly pow'r.

I remember how often I've lain awake,
'Till mine eyes with tears grew dim,
And I thought I heard the eve-stars chaunt
A wild and wierd-like hymn;
And the loving one we chose in youth,
As it joined in the symphonies,
Smiled sweetly down from its azure home
Far away in the glowing skies.

I remember, too, when its ray grew dim,
And its light burn'd faint and low,
That pleasure gave place to the heart's deep pain,
And joy to sorrow and woe.
Then, too, when it sparkled bright and gay,
I was happy and gladsome again,
And glorious visions from golden-hued clouds
Fell sweetly like April rain.

There must be something true in what
The astrologers say of Mars,
When fiery it glows, and brightly too,
Gleam Jupiter's radiant bars—
That it ever forbodes the strife of men—
Contentions and angry wars;
For by experience have we not learn'd
That there's truth in the lore of stars?

HOW I FELL IN LOVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY PAUL PERIWINKLE.

The first time I saw Mrs. Periwinkle, was when she was "sweet sixteen." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was cut low on the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world: and she had long, golden ringlets that flowed down her back:—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she was as much impressed by my appearance; she has often since told me she was; for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set; said "yes" to everything I proposed; and drank a glass of champagne at supper, at my urgent request, though insisting that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her, and asked her to eat a philœpena with him, I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature, I heard her afterward refuse to let him see her home, and shall never forget how chop-fallen he looked, when she said, with a toss of the head, "no, thank you, I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me in, I didn't know, for a minute, whether I stood on my head or my feet. But I declined, pleading the late hour. On my way home I whistled, sung, and occasionally danced; never had I felt so happy: it seemed as if I could almost fly. "Oh! Amelia Ann," I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was: and then I would break out into "Zip Coon," or perhaps "Dan Tucker:" till at last a watchman tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shines," or he'd take me up for being tipsy. Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar, and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out, in return, that he saw I was a gentleman, "vich saved my bacon."

I reached home, and began to undress, but had to stop, with a stocking half way off, to try and recall how Amelia Ann had looked. I shut my eyes, and leaned back dreamingly in my chair, to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arm. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it, I paused in turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed, for it suddenly struck me that, perhaps, Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that very moment: yes! sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating. "Ah! dear Amelia Ann," I ejaculated, clasping the air, and dropping the coverlid; and in that ecstasy I stood till the cold bit me like a pair of nippers in ten thousand places at once; and then I popped into bed, and curling up like a whip-lash, repeated "lovely Amelia Ann," till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her. She played on the piano divinely, and sang like a St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer," was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's, I thought. I have never forgiven her two boisterous brothers, who used to talk aloud while she sang, and who, even when silent, never listened to her. The rude boors!

The second week I knew Amelia Ann, I spent every evening but one with her; and then she had a headache, and could see nobody. How I walked up and down, on the other side of the way, looking up at the window which I knew to be her's, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain; and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann," I said, "if I could only have your headache for you."

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had gone to church, and we remained at home to read "Lallah Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot, on the back parlor sofa, where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but, somehow or other, she don't care for dress any more; and, as for poetry, she declares its "trash." Her hair is worn plain, and often looks frowsy; but she says its impossible, with all her family, to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three darlings occupy so much of her attention that she has time for nothing. She never opens the piano; "she does not know the new pieces," she says, "and is tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the troubles of housekeeping, especially the perversity of

children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her cares, she declares, "are wearing out her life," so that I consider it a miracle she survives at all. It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby all the evening, and getting up, at night, to carry it if it cries. I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliners; for she vows she could not be happy without four new bonnets a year.

I used to think, before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it wasn't for that, she says, she would long since have sunk under her troubles. She was very fond of porter, till she joined the temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit in drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes, which are quite favorites with her, for it was but yesterday she said: "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I like above all things, beefsteak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beefsteaf and onions might come of it.

Good Mr. Editor, do all sentimental young ladies turn out slovens?

A MOTHER'S MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

Earth is darkness; and all sounds of laughter
Now are buried in the midnight deep;
Stars in yonder firmament are glowing—
Others slumber—Love is not asleep.

Mother's love awakes in earthly dimness—
Finds in Heaven above a fairer lot;
Rest fond heart, though thou oft mayst slumber,
There's another knoweth slumbering not.

He is bending o'er my life's fair flowers—
Little children softly laid to sleep;
Oh, not vainly come his holy angels
Silent watchers by the couch to keep.

'Tis a Bethel. On a Heavenly ladder,
Messengers seem going down and up.
Here my Lord himself seems often near us,
Bearing in His hand life's sparkling cup.

I seem to feel the white wings gentle motion
Waving all about the room so still,
While low praying calms all wild commotion,
Bringing peace, from Heaven, my thought to fill.

Come, oh, come, with all unspoken blessing,
Thou who listenest to the mother's prayer!
Thou who from the earth, with sweet caressing,
Little hands and hearts draw'st to Thee there!

These are thine. To me thou hast them given,
Thus I lay them on thy heart again!
Thou hast set Thy seal upon their foreheads,
Oh, let nothing make the impress vain!

Wert Thou not the strengthener of the way,
Trembling I must fall these cares among;
Tears alone I'd offer to my children,
But Thou livest—giving life and song!

TO ELVA.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

One who thinks the violet's hue
Lovelier than the flaunting rose;
Loves the bright ethereal blue,
Loves the pleasant evening's close.
Though fortune to him fickle be,
Said'st thou, he's the one for thee?

One who loves the mountain height,
Loves the valley green and still;
Loves the torrent in its might,
Loves the gently murmuring rill;
Though fortune on him e'er did frown,
Said'st thou he thy hand might own?

One who'd rather virtue win,
Than fading, fickle beauty's ray;
One who thinks it not a sin
With Innocence to romp and play;
Lady, said'st thou he should be
The one who'd win a smile from thee!

One who loves each flower and tree,
Loves all nature bright to view;
One who loving once could be
Ever constant, fond and true.
Lady, could he these things prove,
Said'st thou, he could win thy love?

STAYS AND STAY-MAKING.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

PHILOSOPHERS, milliners, and medical men have given much attention to the dress of women; but the little philosophers know about the operations of the human mind does not qualify them to give an opinion upon dress; and as dress-makers have not generally given themselves the trouble to study the form of the object given them to fit, medical men are alone competent to understand and to decide upon this matter. This is our excuse for offering a few remarks upon the subject.

The stays are the basis of feminine attire. Most of the other habiliments are fastened to them, and to a great extent they govern the shape and appearance of the rest of the dress.

To point to the unirritable females of warmer climates, who are accustomed to go with very little clothing, or to the strong, hardy peasants of our own country, and say that because they wear no stays, the women of our present civilization are to do the same, seems to us unreasonable; for when once the body has taken its full set, we see no objection to women wearing rationally-constructed stays: indeed, so long as the dresses are made tight and full of bones, after the present fashion, those who do not wear stays will equally experience the evil effects attributed to them. Badly-constructed stays, however—those not made to fit the body—from the undue pressure on some parts, help to produce spinal curvature.

But to consider tight-lacing. In her natural condition, woman expands the ribs during respiration more freely than man. Tight-lacing prevents this free action of the ribs; for if by the undue pressure of the stays on the abdomen, that portion of the act of breathing which was intended to be performed by the midriff is much diminished, then the ribs are called into increased action, as it is often seen in the tumultuous heaving of the chest in singers, and in most women under the influence of emotion.

While the functions of the lungs are hereby impeded, the midriff cannot descend and influence the abdominal viscera by its perpetual upward and downward movements; the liver becomes so indented as to oppose a permanent impediment in the way of digestion of food and its assimilation; and thus a catalogue of dyspeptic and nervous symptoms are set on foot. Can we, then, wonder that the sex suffers from shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, hysteria, and a host of maladies, which, though not immediately fatal to life, are incompatible with sound health?

It is generally supposed that tight-lacing tells most on the system, by accelerating the approach of consumption. Thus it has been remarked, that between the ages of fifteen and thirty, the very time that tight-lacing is most employed, the deaths of females are more by thirteen per cent. than those of males; and as eight per cent. more females die of consumption than males, the habit of tight-lacing is considered one of the causes of this excessive mortality. Dr. Hutchinson, however, to whom science is much indebted for his accurate study of respiration, informs us that many who think themselves affected with consumption, suffer only from a form of dyspepsia presenting many symptoms similar to the more severe infliction; and it is probable enough that the imperfect aëration of the blood induced by badly-formed stays, must predispose to debility and spinal curvature.

Those who seek to solve the stay-problem should bear in mind that women ought to feel as easy in their clothes as we do in ours. Stays, therefore, should not unduly press upon any part of the body, but form an anatomical fit like the cast to a statue. They should have as few bones as possible, and these should be so placed as not to press on any of the bones of the bust, and merely of sufficient strength to prevent the creasing of the stays. The busk is generally objected to on account of its weight, and lately it has been accused of "carrying off by its polarization the electricity of the body." We see no reason for objecting to the busk on such grounds; and if it be necessary for the conformation of the stay, it should not be made of too thin steel, for in that case it would press against the breast-bone every time the body bends forward; neither should it have the curve which gives rise to undue pressure on the chest. The waist should be made below the floating ribs, and not on the true ribs, as in ordinary stays; and in addition to all these requisites the stays should contain broad bands of elastic tissue in

their whole length from the armpits downward; for if they fit the bust accurately, so as to prevent the possibility of tight-lacing, it is evident that when the elastic web is warmed by the heat of the body, the stays thus made will permit of food and of exercise being taken without impeding either digestion or respiration.

One of the great objections to ordinary stays is that two inches, or even more space, was left, so that women may fit into their stays by dint of tightening in, whereas those we have described accurately fit the body, nearly meeting on each side of the spinal processes of the vertebral column, and as the vulcanized elastic tissue gives two inches, there is no possibility, as with other stays, of a young lady tight-lacing.

It must not be supposed that a perfect stay, one completely modelled to each particular figure, will ensure a lady from injudicious pressure on the vital organs. If the petticoats are made to tie tightly round the waist in front, there will be undue pressure independently of the stays. To meet this difficulty, the petticoats should be retained in front by a hook soldered to the busk, all strings should be tied behind, and the divided weight of the petticoats would be made to bear upon the hips. Here also we may remark that those who boast of wearing no stays at all, do not tell us how many additional bones the dress-maker employs to form their corsage. The bones in the dress and the strings often mark the body with red lines, and make such ladies experience many of the evil effects of badly made stays.

These observations refer to morning dresses; but it will be evident to all who give the subject a little reflection, that evening dresses are also liable to many objections. The two or three upper inches of the body of the dress are always made much tighter than it should be: this prevents the free expansion of the chest, and as the dress is thrown off the shoulders, the arms are necessarily pinioned, and could not be raised without splitting the dress. By the pinioning of the arms, the shoulders are raised and the head is awkwardly pushed forward. This injudicious practice must be prejudicial to the carriage of those ladies who wear low dresses every evening; and is perhaps the cause of a mode of carrying the head which is far from graceful, although frequently to be met with in the wealthiest classes of society. If fashion renders it necessary to expose the shoulders, there is at least no reason for pinioning the arms. Why cannot dress-makers contrive to leave the arm completely free? They could easily cover as much of it as they liked with a fall of silk or of lace, which could be looped up with flowers or with riband.

"I SHALL DIE IN MY NEST."

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

"I SHALL die in my nest," said a bright winged bird,
And she soared and sang
Till the firmament rang
With echoes of gladness her melody stirred!

"I have chosen a spot that is safe," said she—
"No prowling beast
On my young shall feast,
But here shall they flutter and sing with me.

"I have built it nice, and strong, and high—
I have tethered it fast,
So the stormy blast
May pass it unharmed as it thunders by.

"I have stolen down from the royal swan
She had torn for her nest,
From her snow-white breast,
To cradle my dainty brood upon.

"And more than this, I have sought and found
The silk-worm's lair,
And have stripped him bare
Of the shining tissue he vainly wound!

"And it floats at my secret vestibule—
It drapes my door,
And carpets my floor,
And tangles the dew-drops pure and cool.

"And here will I dwell as a queen might choose—
My heart is light,
And mine eye is bright,
My plumage all stained with the rainbow's hues!"

But while she was spreading her wing to soar,
A fibre of down
In her eye had flown,
Obscuring the arch of her silk-draped door!

Forward with random haste she sprang;
When a silken thread
Entangled her head,
And fast in its tether she strangled and swung!

Alas for the pride of a vain young heart!
Its treasure and boast,
What it prizes most,
Full often concealeth the deadly dart!

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 304.

XVII.—THE PLOT.

It is necessary to go back a few hours in our story in order to explain the arrest of Julia.

She had scarcely left the parlor, after her altercation with Mrs. Elwood, when the latter lady, retiring to prepare for her morning drive, the apartment became, for a moment, deserted. During this interval the son, who had agreed to ride with her, entered. On the carpet, close by where Clara had been sitting, he saw a bracelet, which, picking up, he recognized as belonging to his betrothed.

"I will put this in my pocket, and tease her about it," he said to himself: and he had scarcely done this when the carriage was announced, and his mother entered. No sooner had he taken his seat beside his parent, than the latter, still indignant from the late interview, proceeded to describe Julia's manner and words, embellishing them not a little in the narrative. The son was still in a state of exasperation from the treatment he had received from Julia, and the knowledge that she had complained to his mother excited his rage almost beyond control. He secretly swore to be revenged in some way. The opportunity presented itself, when, on returning home, he learned that Julia had left her baggage temporarily behind her; for remembering Clara's bracelet, he knew that, if he could secrete it in one of Julia's packages, a charge of theft could easily be maintained against her. Accordingly, watching his chance when the servants were at dinner, he stole up to Julia's room, and carefully placed the bracelet among her wardrobe, saying nothing, even to his mother, of his base scheme.

As he had expected, the evening had not passed, when a note arrived from Clara, addressed to his mother, asking if a bracelet had been found in the parlor. "We called at no house but yours," wrote Clara, "and I missed the trinket as soon as I came home. I am almost sure I dropped it in the parlor. Pray search for it, and send it by bearer." But though a search was immediately instituted for the bracelet, it was not to be found; and Mrs. Elwood was about replying to that effect, when her son asked her casually if Miss Forester had not been in the room.

"Yes," answered the mother, "and now I think of it, she was the only person that was here. Could she have taken it, do you think?"

"I don't know. I should think not. But it would be as well to search her effects, perhaps," indifferently replied the son.

"That I will," retorted Mrs. Elwood. "And I'm not so sure that she's innocent, the impudent upstart! Girls as forward as she is, are ready for anything. She could easily have secreted the bracelet, when I turned my back on her to ring the bell, especially as she stood, as I now recollect, by the end of the sofa where Clara had been sitting."

The son, aware that his mother's obstinacy would be increased by opposition, pretended still to argue against her views; and in consequence so wrought up Mrs. Elwood, that, in a little while, she started up, declaring that a search should be instituted at once. Accordingly several of the servants were called, and lights were ordered up into Julia's late chamber.

The investigation proceeded, for a while, ineffectually. At last, after locks had been broken, and dresses tumbled out in vain, the inquiry was about being abandoned, when a work-box, which no one had thought of looking into, was pointed out by Elwood.

"You haven't examined this," he said, taking it up.

"Pshaw," testily replied his mother, "you don't think the minx would leave it in so public a place—she's too deep for that."

"Excuse me, madam," answered her son, "but, just because she is deep, she would select her work-box to hide the bracelet in, for she would argue to herself that no one would think of searching it; and the proof of her shrewdness exists in the fact that you have not looked into the box, and perhaps will not."

"We'll soon see about that," angrily said Mrs. Elwood, snatching the box from her son, and emptying its contents promiscuously on the floor. As she did this, something heavier than spools of

cotton, thread and silk fell on the carpet; and instantly the bracelet was discovered.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the son, with well affected horror.

"Well, I never," burst forth from Mrs. Elwood, after a pause, for, to do her justice, she had really not expected this.

The servants, with whom Julia had never been popular, because she was not familiar with them, began immediately to remind each other how often they had said it would come to this: all except the footman, who looked as if there was something in the matter he could not comprehend, and who gazed at his young master with a dubious expression, partly of distrust, partly of incredulity.

There was one other person in the room who viewed Elwood in an equally strange manner. It was Gertrude, who had entered unseen, almost at the moment the bracelet was discovered. Her large eyes were distended with horror, and her countenance was deadly white, as she looked at her brother, when, after a while, he declared there was now really no doubt that Julia had stolen the bracelet. For a moment she glanced at him, half in indignation, half in sorrow, and then, covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears, and rushed from the room.

XVIII.—THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

When Julia recovered from her swoon, and realized again her situation, her feelings of shame and horror almost overpowered her a second time. The officer, however, hurried her immediately into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Mayor's Office.

On alighting, Julia was led, half fainting, through a long, narrow hall, into a large room, filthy and close, and redolent with the odor of tobacco juice. In a recess, opposite the entrance, was a raised platform, on which was placed the chair of the chief magistrate of the city. In front of this dignitary's seat, a space was railed off for officers and attorneys. Large docks, or more accurately speaking pens, were at the side, crowded with prisoners of every color and age, the majority being sturdy beggars in rags arrested for vagrancy, or the victims of a debauch and riot the night before, whose intoxication was not yet entirely off.

With her veil drawn closely over her face, Julia had followed the officer, but when he paused at the entrance to one of these pens, and moved aside for her to enter, she shrank back. To be herded with such loathsome objects seemed to be the last degree of insult and ignominy; and instinctively, without pausing to think, she turned to the Mayor, clasping her hands. That functionary happened to be looking up when she entered, and had followed her graceful figure with curiosity and surprise. Her gesture immediately attracted his attention. He was a humane man, as well as a sagacious judge, and recognizing in Julia a different sort of prisoner from those usually brought before him, he called in a sharp voice to the officer having her in charge,

"Mr. Morgan, take that young woman into another room. I will hear her case directly."

The officer, somewhat abashed, bowed to the magistrate, and led Julia, with an air of more respect than he had shown before, into a small apartment on the right of the hall. Here he pointed her to a chair, and went out in silence; but, lest Julia should forget she was a prisoner, locked the door after him.

And now Julia, for the first time since she had been arrested, had an opportunity calmly to review her condition. The first paralyzing effect of the blow had passed, and beginning to recall clearly the events of the preceding day, she had no difficulty in divining that she owed her arrest to some nefarious plot. But whether Mrs. Elwood, or the son, or both, were the originators of the scheme, she knew not.

"Yet what benefit is it for me to know I am the victim of treachery," she said to herself, "if I cannot prove it. Oh! Thou, who art the friend of the orphan," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, "send deliverance to me in this extremity."

She had scarcely spoken, when, as if in answer, the key turned, the door was opened, and Gertrude, flying in, fell weeping into her arms.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "to think of finding you here." And, in broken language she continued, sobbing and speaking by turns. "It is too cruel. That ever he should be so bad. But you're innocent, and I'll swear to it, if he don't let you free first——"

"My child," said Julia, recovering herself from her first astonishment, and thinking, from these incoherent words, that Gertrude was temporarily beside herself, "compose yourself. I know you believe me innocent; and that will be a consolation to me, come what will! But, my love, I hope your mother knows you are here. And how *did* you get here?"

Gertrude, at these words, ceased clinging to Julia, and withdrew at arm's length, gazing curiously on our heroine. Gradually, as she observed Julia's perplexed look, she began to smile. A child still, mirth and sorrow succeeded each other, like April sunshine and rain, in her bosom.

"Oh! I see you don't know anything about it," she cried, clapping her hands. "You think I've only come to tell you I believe you innocent. But I've come to prove you so—to free you, to free you," and she flung herself impulsively into Julia's arms, weeping afresh.

Our heroine began to tremble with joyful agitation. Could it indeed be as Gertrude said? Julia was scarcely able to control her voice, as she answered,

"What *do* you mean, dearest? What can *you* know about my arrest? Again, my child, *how* did you get here?"

"How did I get here?" replied Gertrude, archly looking up, smiling through her tears. "Why, I rode, with my lawyer, in a carriage——"

"Your lawyer!"

"To be sure," continued the girl, enjoying Julia's amazement. "How can one do anything at law without a lawyer? And he's such a nice lawyer too—such a young and handsome one, I mean—a great man also—and says he'll get you off as soon as he can speak a word to the Mayor."

What was it that made Julia blush, and avert her eyes from Gertrude's eager face? Was it that, in her secret heart, she believed there could be but one young, handsome and celebrated lawyer? Yet it was not possible, she thought, that he could be this one.

"But I must tell you all about it," continued Gertrude, sobering down, and tears even coming into her eyes as she went on. "When I think how wicked, wicked he has been, I don't know what to say, and I almost hate him, though he is my brother. Yes, Miss Julia, it was Elwood put the bracelet among your things. I saw him, with it in his hand, going up the staircase, long after you had left: and I know that he did it, and no one else. This I'll swear to, before the court, if he doesn't withdraw the charge."

But we will not delay the impatient reader, by giving Gertrude's story in her almost incoherent sentences. We will shorten the narrative, on the contrary, by substituting our own. What it took her nearly half an hour to rehearse to Julia, we shall be able to tell in very few sentences.

It seems that Gertrude, the day before, had been so overcome, on returning home, to find Julia discharged, that she rushed up to her room to weep alone over her misfortune. Some time after, she heard a step ascending the stairs, softly, as if that of a woman. It sounded too stealthy and slow for Julia's, but yet, in the wild hope that it might be her's, the girl had flown to the banisters and looked over. To her surprise she saw her brother coming up with a bracelet in his hand. His cautious air aroused her curiosity. She drew back into her room, leaving the door on a crack, when to her amazement she saw Elwood enter Julia's late apartment. Later in the evening, when she heard of the search going on in Julia's chamber, and going there saw the bracelet produced and the accusation made, the whole plot had flashed upon her.

Young and inexperienced she knew not at first what to do. It was already late, moreover, and to go out was impossible. Having heard that her mother had discharged Julia, she feared to trust her parent any more than her brother: consequently she said nothing, but retiring to bed, lay awake half the night scheming what to do. The plan she finally resolved upon was to rise early the next morning, seek out Julia, and warn her of her danger. Accordingly, almost as soon as the servants were up, Gertrude arose, attired herself for a walk, and slipped out. Before she could reach the boarding-house, however, the officer had arrested our heroine. But, nothing daunted, the young girl, who had, when once aroused, a self-reliance above her years, determined not to abandon her innocent friend. She knew that, things having gone so far, the aid of a lawyer would be necessary; and accordingly she called a chaise, and ordered the driver to take her to the residence of the only lawyer she knew.

"It was Mr. Manderson, whom maybe you've seen," she said, "I'd met him, when he first came back from Europe, at our house now and then: and I knew he'd recollect me, and be kind, and tell me exactly what was wisest to do."

At the mention of this name, Julia's agitation became so great, that, to conceal it, she was compelled to bury her face on the table while Gertrude proceeded. For a while subsequently she heard nothing. The thought that Manderson, after having abandoned her, was to meet her in this degrading situation, made her, for a moment, wish the floor would open and swallow her from his sight. Yet when she reflected on her innocence, and when she recalled the noble sentiments that had fallen from his lips the night before, she took courage again. "At worst," she said, "he cannot despise me, for I have done no wrong. And high as he is, I am, in that, his equal." With these reflections she raised her head proudly, and attended again to Gertrude's story; but several questions were necessary, before she could recover the thread of the narrative, lost during the interval.

Her cheek flushed again, and her heart beat fast, as Gertrude described how she drove first to Mr. Manderson's office, and afterward to his

mother's house, and how, on hearing Julia's name, he had sprung into the carriage immediately, declaring he would listen to the facts there, as not a minute should be lost. "We came so fast," continued Gertrude, "that you had just arrived, we heard: and Mr. Manderson, leading me to the door, told me to come in and tell you all, while he spoke to the Mayor. He said it would only be necessary to say what I could swear to, in order to have you at once discharged; and that this would save Elwood from public exposure, which would be inevitable if you were tried."

Gertrude had scarcely said these words, when there was a gentle tap at the door. An instinctive feeling told Julia whose it was. She would have said, "come in," but her heart rose to her throat; and if her life had depended on it, she could not have spoken. Her companion looked at her inquiringly. Yet still Julia was unable to utter a word.

"May I come in?" now said a rich, manly voice, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! that is Mr. Manderson," cried Gertrude, jumping up. "Its all right, I know it is. I may let him in, mayn't I, Julia?"

Julia bowed her head. Do all she could, words would not come, but blushes would; and she inclined her face, as much to conceal her rising color as to signify assent. But Gertrude did not wait for an affirmative. With the bounding step of a young fawn, she sprang to the door, and opening it admitted Manderson.

He came in, with an eager, joyous look, but yet not without embarrassment. Nodding smilingly to Gertrude, he passed on immediately to our heroine, who sat, visibly trembling, with her head buried on the table, utterly unable to meet his look. With the gentle courtesy of a Bayard he stooped over her, and said, in a low, agitated voice,

"Will Miss Forester let an old friend, and one who hopes he is not forgotten, escort her home?"

There was not much in the words. But the tone in which they were uttered—oh! how eloquent was that to Julia. She felt at once that the cloud, whatever it was, which had come between her and him, and had kept him from her so long, had passed away forever: that he still loved her; that he sued tacitly for her pardon; and that he could explain everything. There are inflections of the voice, at certain crises of the heart, which are revelations in themselves; and this was one of them. All was forgiven and forgotten in that moment. The old full trust in Manderson came back, warm and gushing, to Julia at his words. She lifted her face, blushing rosily, and gazed into his eyes, and, as their look of truth met her's boldly in return, she placed her hand in his frankly, and said,

"I will go with you."

Not another word was said. But in the mutual glances that were rapidly exchanged, a mightier question was asked and answered; it was, "will you go with me through life," and the reply, like Ruth's, was, "where thou goest, I will go." Full now of divine faith and trust, Julia could answer thus, and await the explanation of her lover at another time.

Manderson led the way to a private entrance, by which the three hastily left the Mayor's Office. Having placed Julia in the carriage, which was already awaiting them there, he begged her and Gertrude to wait a moment, while he attended to some necessary formalities. In about five minutes he returned, and having spoken a few words to the driver, which the ladies did not hear, seated himself opposite Gertrude, and gave the signal to proceed.

The ride was quite a long one, at least Gertrude thought so; and, once or twice, she was on the point of asking where they could possibly be going: but a meaning look from Manderson silenced her. At last, much to her surprise, the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, the door of which was already wide open, with a stately, yet still handsome woman standing there as if to receive some honored guest.

XIX.—THE WELCOME.

Mrs. Manderson had not yet recovered from the excitement and triumph of the preceding evening, when the sudden departure of her son, in a strange carriage, threw her into a state of renewed agitation. He had been quietly breakfasting with her, when the servant had announced a person as wishing to speak with him: he had gone out accordingly to the front door; but, instead of returning, had taken his hat almost immediately, entered the chaise, and driven rapidly off. All that Mrs. Manderson could learn, in explanation of this strange affair, was that a young lady, a very young lady, the servant said, was in the coach.

The proud and happy mother was still wondering what all this could mean, and trying to remember if her son had ever spoken of having any young lady for a client, when a note, directed in Manderson's handwriting, was brought to her. It was dated from the Mayor's Office, and was evidently scrawled in the greatest haste. Indeed, in some parts it was almost incoherent, so hurried were the sentences; and we shall, therefore, give its substance, instead of quoting it entire.

It began by reminding Mrs. Manderson of the promise she had made, a year ago, to receive Miss Forester as her daughter, whenever the writer should have entitled himself to claim her. "There was a condition, you are aware, and a hard one for your son," continued the note, "it was that I should not seek Julia until my fortune was assured. Most faithfully, but most cruelly to her, have I kept that pledge." The writer then stated how he had, by accident, met Miss Forester that morning, just when, for the first time, he had felt again at liberty to seek her: and added that he had found her faithful still, "though, God knows, I had no reason to expect it," were his words, "considering how I had abandoned her, and without any explanation." Then, hinting at the forlorn and friendless situation of Julia, Manderson concluded as follows:—"And now, dearest mother, I claim the fulfilment of your pledge, to receive Miss Forester as your daughter, and at once. She has literally no home but your house. We have united to do her a great wrong, which she divinely forgives, and we should now unite to make the reparation. I will drive about the city, for half an hour, in order to allow time for you to receive this and make ready to welcome your daughter. Of my plan she knows nothing. If I were to suggest it, she would refuse; but, when once she is with you, you will conquer. Meet us, dear mother, at the door, and merit the gratitude of your son."

Mrs. Manderson resembled her son in one respect, she never did things by halves. By the time she had finished the note her mind was made up to enter into her son's plans, and receive Julia as if she was a princess, instead of a portionless bride. "If Miss Forester has remained true to Charles," she soliloquized, "notwithstanding his complete avoidance of her, it is a case of such unusual womanly trust, that she must be a paragon among her sex. Besides it is evidently no boyish whim for a pretty face, that has kept Charles true to her; this passion is plainly the passion of his life; and it would be but wise to yield to what I cannot prevent, even if my word had not been already passed."

It was, therefore, Mrs. Manderson whom Julia saw standing in the door.

The embarrassed girl had never before seen her lover's mother, but she recognized the house, and instinctively drew back into a corner of the chaise. Manderson, springing out, intercepted for a moment the view of his parent; but the next instant the face of Mrs. Manderson, with a kindly smile on it, looked in. Gertrude had followed the gentleman.

"Welcome, my daughter," said Mrs. Manderson, extending her hand; and, with the words, she drew Julia to her in a warm embrace. "You look fatigued. I must insist on your breakfasting with us. Charles never pleased me more than in giving me the hope of such a child."

Bewildered, overcome, touched by such kindness, yet oppressed with coy reserve, Julia did not know what to say, or do. Covered with blushes, she stood hesitating, but, while she did this, Manderson approached, handed her almost forcibly, though tenderly out of the chaise, and putting her arm within his own, while his mother retained her other, the two carried, rather than led her into the house. Here, all confusion, Julia sank down on a sofa, and was glad when her lover, taking his mother's hand, led the latter out of the room, for then, casting herself on Gertrude's bosom, she gave way to a burst of weeping.

Her tears relieved her. She could now judge more truly of her position. She saw that literally she had no home to go to, except that where she was, the home of her who was to be her future mother. Gradually the feeling of conventional shame, which had at first oppressed her, departed. Secure in the love of Manderson, and certain of the welcome of his mother, "why," she asked herself, "should false notions of delicacy make me cold to those who are so kind?" When, therefore, after a space, Mrs. Manderson appeared, and kissing her parentally, led her to the breakfast room, she returned the embrace fervently, though with still partially averted eyes, and followed, Gertrude accompanying them.

It would be easy for us to describe at length that happy meal: the tender assiduity of Manderson, and the thoughtful tact of his mother on one side; the wondering looks of Gertrude, and the coy consciousness of Julia on the other. It would not be more difficult to depict the apparently chance *tete-a-tete* which followed, when Mrs. Manderson, asking Julia to look at her conservatory, managed to leave our heroine alone with her son, by arranging to be called out, and taking Gertrude apparently accidentally with her. But it is not our habit to dwell on scenes like these. Such things should ever be sacred: the heart's deepest mysteries are not for profane eyes:—and, therefore, we must content ourselves with a succinct statement of what passed.

Yet this the reader has already partially guessed. No sooner had the door closed on his mother than Manderson began his justification. He told everything fully and frankly; everything except the pledge his mother had exacted; for he thought it wisest not to risk prejudicing Julia

against his parent. After a while, he reasoned, when his wife understood his mother better, the story could come out more judiciously. He, therefore, blamed his want of self-reliance more than was strictly just. "I had been brought up never to contemplate the idea of supporting myself; and I could not reconcile myself to ask you, dearest, to share a poor man's lot: so, after many inward struggles, I determined to stop visiting you; to surrender you, in short. It was a cowardly resolve, and I soon found I could not execute it, at least in the sense of altogether giving you up. Then, for the first time, I said to myself:—'why not carve out a way to fortune, like a true man?' I resolved at once to begin. You know the result. But ah! when I look back on the risk I ran of losing you, I cannot feel too proud and happy to hold this dear hand in mine."

On her part Julia was equally frank, for why should she conceal her love? But of her extreme poverty, and of the indignities she had suffered, she said nothing. An hour and more passed before Mrs. Manderson returned. She came in smiling, and saying,

"I have taken a great liberty, my children; but as I never expect to ask Julia to obey me again, I shall look for her to do it now; and as for Charles, I shall always insist on his being dutiful:—in a word," she continued, taking our heroine's hand, and placing it in that of her son, "as this dear girl has promised to be my daughter, I have sent for our excellent rector, that I may not be defrauded, for even another hour, of so precious a gift."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Manderson," began Julia. But the words were not allowed to be finished. The pleading look of her lover, and the gentle peremptoriness of the mother silenced her; and the latter, tenderly taking her arm, led her into the drawing-room, where the robed priest stood awaiting them, while the smiling Gertrude prepared to act as bride's-maid.

There have been showier wedding dinners, than what took place at Mrs. Manderson's that day, but none where the bride was more beautiful, or the groom happier.

XX.—CONCLUSION.

The marriage of the young member of Congress was "a nine day's wonder." That the bride had been a governess, that he had chosen her for her virtues alone, and that there were understood to be many romantic circumstances attending the match, was generally whispered; but the correct details of the affair rumor failed to procure. The Elwoods, who could partially have unravelled the mystery, were glad, for their own sakes, to keep quiet.

It was but a few months afterward that Clara gave her hand to Elwood. The two brides, moving, to some extent, in the same circle, often met; were of course introduced to each other; and were mutually civil, as etiquette required; but their acquaintance never became intimate, as it had been when they were children, though Clara made, at various times, advances to that end. For as Julia's social position was not above her own, she would have courted her, if Julia had allowed it.

Failing in this, Clara endeavored to become her rival, and by costly entertainments to eclipse her. But neither in this did she succeed. The circumstances of Manderson did not allow him to waste money on such showy feasts, and his taste as well as that of Julia was opposed to them: but the receptions they gave were so refined, select, and intellectual, that it soon came to be considered proof of the highest social position to be invited to them. When, in the second winter of their marriage, Julia accompanied her husband to Washington, Mrs. Elwood followed, hoping there to renew the struggle with some better chance of success. But she failed in the capital of the nation even more completely than she had failed in Philadelphia. The merely fashionable Clara, whom some grave Senators even dared to call silly, the wife of a mere billiard-playing, betting spendthrift, sank into insignificance, even with all her ostentation of wealth, alongside of the brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Manderson, whom everybody of mark courted, not less for herself, than on account of her husband, "the most rising young man," as the President said, "then in the House."

A career like that run by Clara and her husband never lasts long. Mr. Elwood had already become embarrassed, when a great monetary crisis came on, and, finding him engaged in certain speculations, undertaken to relieve himself, ruined him completely. In a last desperate effort to recover Clara's fortune, he forged to an immense amount on her father; was detected; and blew out his brains. The old miser, tormented between the disgrace of his child, and anxiety lest he might lose by some speculations into which he had been led by his son-in-law, took sick himself, on hearing the news, and never rose from his bed. Clara did not long survive him. She died in giving birth to a posthumous child, the heir of broken fortunes and a ruined name. Mrs. Elwood sank also under this complication of sorrows, surviving her daughter-in-law scarcely six months. But Mrs. Rawlson,

unimpressible to the last, weathered all, only saying that it was "very hard she had so much trouble, when some people had none."

Manderson and Julia took Gertrude home, as well as her little, helpless nephew. To repair their shattered fortunes was Manderson's care, and he succeeded, finally, in saving something from the wreck. Thus did Julia's indignant words, addressed to the miser on that memorable winter day, come substantially true; for his children, if not himself, became comparatively penniless, and were at her mercy. But they found at her hands charity and love, which neither she, nor her father, had found at his.

Who can paint the lily? Who can gild refined gold? We will not attempt, therefore, to describe the happiness of Julia and Manderson in their married state. She is to him a "helpmate" in the widest sense of that good old Saxon word: and he is to her the loving husband, counsellor, and friend, though to all the world else, the great statesman.

"What would I have been without you?" he often says. "A mere drone in fashionable society! It was love for you, dearest, that roused up all that was good and strong in me."

"Nay! Charles," she replies. "I was but the instrument: it was God that worked through me."

"And is not every true woman," he invariably answers, "the angel to some one man?"

He was right. It is that which is woman's mission, and what a glorious one too!

UPWARD.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Mortal being! art thou laden
With the scenes of earth and time?
Upward look! for Heaven has comfort
In its pure and changeless clime!
Wandering outcast! art thou stricken
With a sorrow worse than death?
Was thy heart in life's pure morning
Blasted by the tempter's breath?
Know thee there are sinless regions,
Where cold treachery's arts are o'er?
Upward look, thy God can pardon;
Hope in Him, and err no more!
Parents! do ye mourn the birdling
That hath fled the cradle nest?
Upward look! its wing is folded
On the Saviour's gentle breast!
Weeping sister! dost thou linger
Long within the church-yard bound?
Do thy tears of anguish glisten
On a brother's grassy mound?
Went he to the shores of Eden,
Leaving thee all sad and lone?
Upward look! thou drooping mourner,
Where no tear of grief is known!
Brother! hast thou lost a sister,
One whose counsel gave thee joy,
One who shared thy merry pastime
When thou wert a happy boy?
Dost thou miss those kindly accents?
Dost thou miss that beaming eye?
Upward look! the spirit waits thee
In the blue and tranquil sky!
Pensive maiden! art thou dreaming
Of a dark and treacherous tongue,
That in hours of by-gone gladness
Falsely of affection sung?
Cheer thee! o'er a theme unworthy
Let thy heart no longer pine!
Upward look! a love will greet thee
From a spirit all divine!
Husband! vanished is the being
Who was wont to soothe thy care?
Upward look! she yet is waiting
For thy soul her bliss to share!
Widow! in thy need and sorrow,
Dost thou yearn to hear the voice,
That, in tones of kind affection,
Ere while made thy heart rejoice,
When thy little lambs are nestled
In their fold, at twilight dim?
Upward look! a God will gather
Thee, and them, at last, to Him!
Aged Pilgrim! tottering onward,
With the furrow on thy brow,
By each holy thread of silver,
Know that God is calling now!
Calling thee to scenes of rapture,
Where no eye with age is dim—
Upward look! a rest is for thee,
Pilgrim! thou art near to Him!
Homeless orphan! art thou weary
Of the cold earth's crowded mart?
Doth its mingled tones fall harshly
On thy crushed and bleeding heart?
Falter not! for God is with thee!
Bear His image in thy breast!
Upward look! those sacred curtains
Soon may shield thee! there is rest!

THE HUSBAND'S SISTER.

BY MRS. ANNIE BENDRICK.

"I DECLARE it is too bad," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, as she entered her neat parlor on the last morning of her mother's visit.

"What is too bad?" said Mrs. Allan, looking up from the beautiful child of fifteen months, whose first irregular steps she was attempting to guide.

"Why Maria, Robert's youngest sister, you know, has sent word that she will spend the afternoon with us; and she knows that you are to leave to-morrow—and your visit has been so short, too."

"But she probably comes out of respect to me as your mother," said Mrs. Allan, in a soothing tone; "you recollect she was detained at home when her sister was here."

"Yes, but if she had the quick perceptions she would have others believe her to possess, she would know that the most delicate mark of respect would be, to leave us without the presence of a stranger. But she always spoils my pleasure in some way, so I must submit to it, I suppose, with as good a grace as possible."

"You speak strangely, my daughter," said Mrs Allan, "I hope we shall spend an agreeable afternoon if she is here."

"No, mother, that is impossible; I am never happy when I breathe the same air with her."

"I am afraid you have allowed yourself to become prejudiced against her; I have always thought her a rather agreeable girl."

"Very likely, and so I thought before my marriage," replied Mrs. Hastings, "but since I have been in the family and have seen how utterly selfish she is, her manners are more repulsive to me than those of the most forbidding person I ever met; she is a great talker, and always manages to drag herself in, whatever the subject may be, telling of some benefit she conferred here, or some sacrifice she made there, till you would almost wonder how society moved along where she was not. She has been out of health for some time, and I have no doubt suffers much, but I think that is no excuse for exacting quite as much attention as she does; she expects her sister, who is nearly as delicate as she is, to wait upon her at any hour of the day or night—even when she requires rest and care herself—and yet Maria never seems to bestow a thought upon the trouble she is making; and then if everything is not done in accordance with her wishes, she will go pouting for days without speaking or scarcely eating unless coaxed—oh, mother, you don't know what a trial she is to me."

Mrs. Allan was silent a few minutes before she replied, and then it was with great seriousness—

"Yes, Ellen, I know too well the unhappiness a husband's relatives can create if their nature does not assimilate with your own; and I know too that these feelings can be measurably overcome and turned into a better channel. Your father had a sister, who I should think might be the exact counterpart of this one who disturbs your peace, and she embittered the early years of my married life too much for me ever to forget the suffering I endured——"

Mrs. Allan was interrupted by the call of "da" ma, "da" ma, from the little girl at her feet, who had till now played contentedly on the carpet, but becoming tired of her toys, climbed to her grandmother's knee and reached up her tiny hands to attract attention.

Mrs. Hastings took her up, and as she folded her in a loving embrace, remarked,

"I dislike Maria so much that I cannot even bear to have her touch Lillie; my flesh shrinks back when she caresses her on my lap. Indeed a stranger to see us together, might fairly suppose that I was only the hired nurse and she the lady mother—so soothingly will she attempt to still her cries, even when the child is in my arms, or endeavor to enforce obedience if she is wilful, as though her authority was entirely paramount to mine. I fear her influence as Lillie grows up, and the more as the child seems fond of her."

"Then there must be some good in her," said the elder lady, "children, you know, are instinctive judges of character."

"Perhaps not of general character," returned Mrs. Hastings, "though they certainly are very quick at distinguishing those who are likely to prove their friends. But of course there are some good qualities in Maria. Indeed it has never been my misfortune to meet with a person who had not some redeeming traits. She has always been very kind to me in sickness, and

during our late pecuniary difficulties she showed much generosity, and that with more delicacy than is usual with her; for her kindness is too apt to become intrusion, and her generosity ostentation."

"I hope my daughter does not allow herself to be blinded by her feelings," said Mrs. Allan, earnestly, "and consider that intrusion which is prompted by a good motive—one who is kind in sickness deserves our gratitude, however disagreeable they may otherwise be to us."

"I mean to do her justice as regards myself," said Mrs. Hastings, in reply, "and I do feel grateful for her kindness to me, but that does not prevent my feeling indignant when I see her let her own sister really suffer for the attentions she so readily bestows upon a stranger. But when I am in health she is far too ready in proffering assistance without considering whether it is needed or even desired; when she is here she seems to wish me to give up everything into her hands and lounge in the rocking-chair myself, and as I prefer to be mistress rather than guest in my own house, I cannot but feel annoyed by such a course."

"I do not doubt it—but as it seems to me that it arises from a want of a just sense of propriety rather than a bad intention, I wish you could overlook it and show her that her real kindness is justly appreciated."

"Indeed, mother, I feel an obligation toward her too heavy to rest very easily under it; and I, therefore, try to repay act for act, but where the heart is as little in it as mine is, acts are of little worth; she is very sensitive, and cannot fail to perceive my feelings toward her, at least in a measure, for I cannot talk to her with any ease, the words seem to freeze in my throat, and their chilling influence apparently effects even her propensity to talk, for when we are left alone together—which I always take especial pains to avoid if possible—there will be an almost total silence. Then too I cannot look with a clear, full glance into her face, as I always wish to when conversing with any one."

"Does Robert know how much you dislike her?"

"Not fully, I think, though he himself told me soon after we were married, that she possessed a very unhappy disposition; there was a prospect at that time of her living with us, and I suppose he thought it would shock me less to have some previous knowledge of the fact; but no man, unless in the intimacy of married life, can know the curse of such a disposition."

"Can it be, my daughter, that you feel so bitterly?" said Mrs. Allan, sadly, "you who have always been so mild too."

"I know that others have thought me mild and amiable, and I have always thought myself so till now," returned Mrs. Hastings, not without a corresponding sadness in her own voice, "but Maria seems to be my evil genius to develope the worst passions of my nature."

"Say rather, my dear Ellen, that it is a sore trial, but wisely sent by the Disposer of all human events, to reveal the secret iniquity of your own heart. If we fail to gather a lesson from the imperfections of others, by which to correct some corresponding one of our own, so surely will our faults strengthen till they deform the character as effectually as those you see so plainly in poor Maria."

"But, my dear mother, I hope you don't see those faults in me that I have been telling you of in her. I should want to fly from myself if I thought so. I know that I have many, and they occasion me much painful thought, but I should be sorry to number those in the list."

"Still they develope new ones in you, and I would have you watch and crush them in the bud—it is what you cannot do, however, with your own unassisted strength; have you ever made this a subject of prayer?"

"Not of especial prayer," replied Mrs. Hastings, in a low tone, and with less excitement in her voice than had hitherto been apparent.

"But this is a peculiar trial, and as such needs special strength—it has already fretted your temper a good deal, and if not overcome will produce a habit of irritability which will not only materially diminish your own happiness, but be the source of much misery to your family, for you know that as your face is clothed in sunshine or in darkness, so will be the reflection in the little world of which you are the centre. Go then to him, my daughter, who 'giveth liberally' to those who ask, and be assured you will be strengthened in conquering this temptation."

Whilst Mrs. Hastings was busily engaged in her household duties the remainder of the morning, her mind earnestly pursued the train of thought that had been started by her mother at the close of their conversation; the subject had been presented in a different point of view from any in which she had ever regarded it, and she felt troubled at the reflection that such evil passions had been allowed to flourish unheeded in her heart like weeds in a neglected garden, while she had been so prompt to detect the failings of another; and for the first time she deeply felt the necessity of "plucking the beam out of her own eye," before she could even "see clearly" the imperfections of those around her; and notwithstanding her numerous engagements she

found time, in the retirement of her own room, to seek for wisdom and guidance from that divine source which promises strength equal to our day.

Meanwhile the time flew rapidly along till the dreaded visitor arrived—she came at an early hour, all smiles and graciousness for the ladies, and caresses for little Lillie. Mrs. Hastings met her with serious cheerfulness, this time, the result of the late conversation.

Maria was not in reality a loveable person, although she frequently made a favorable impression upon those who were not close observers, or who only saw her occasionally and for a short time. She belonged to that large class who consider it necessary in order to recommend themselves to favor to talk almost constantly, while inordinate vanity led her to occupy the most prominent position in every conversation in which she engaged. Then too she had the disagreeable habit of anticipating what was about to be said, taking, so to speak, the words out of a person's mouth, frequently mutilating the idea that would have been expressed, if not substituting an entire new one in its place.

The unwonted kindness of Mrs. Hastings' reception gave Maria, on this occasion, such an unusual flow of spirits as to exhibit some of her characteristics in a marked light; but when Mrs. Allan turned to her daughter to note the effect upon her, she saw that the weary recital of personal history upon which Maria had launched, was listened to with a strong effort to appear interested.

Shortly afterward, during the transient call of an acquaintance, when Maria expressed sentiments in direct opposition to what she had advanced in the previous part of the afternoon, when the same subject had been conversed upon, and that without appearing in the least conscious of her inconsistency, the scornful look that curled Mrs. Hastings' lip for a moment was changed to one of humility, as the feeling in her heart was discovered and instantly subdued. The whole afternoon was in fact a series of trials that she found it difficult entirely to overcome, but she was firmly resolved upon self-control, and the exertions she made were consequently well rewarded by an approving conscience.

When her husband came in to tea, the smile of welcome with which she met him was mingled perhaps with a sense of relief, but her eyes wore a serener light than if she had as usual given way to her natural dislike toward his sister. The disagreeable guest left early in the evening, and the remainder was spent by Mrs. Allan and her children in converse, pleasant, though tinged with sadness, such as those only know whose hearts are knit together in strong affection, and who feel upon their spirits the shadow of an approaching separation.

It was only when the mother was taking her leave on the following morning, that she found an opportunity to whisper in her daughter's ear, "you have nobly commenced, my dear Ellen, but watch and pray lest you enter into temptation."

Nearly a year after Mrs. Allan's return home, Mrs. Hastings wrote to her thus:

"You ask me how I succeed in conquering my dislike to Maria. I am glad you have not inquired earlier, for now, after a severe struggle of many months, I feel that a degree of success has rewarded my efforts. It was only by glancing into my own heart, and fixing an earnest gaze upon the many evil thoughts and feelings that stirred its depths, that I was enabled to put in practice that 'charity which covers a multitude of sins.' My nature rebelled, calling it hypocrisy to appear even tolerant of those traits of character which in themselves were so unlovely, and whispered that my standard of excellence would be materially lowered by treating the person who indulged them with any cordiality. But I find the reverse to be the case, for the more I strive to place her virtues foremost and forget her faults, so much greater watchfulness do I exercise toward myself, and I hope it may thereby purify my character from many imperfections which I entirely overlooked while captiously picking flaws in another. I cannot easily forget what I owe to you, my dear mother, for turning my mind from the contemplation of her faults to my own. I feel, however, that only a commencement has as yet been made, and I need both 'faith and patience' to persevere while the trial remains. Pray for me, mother, that both may be given."

ON A LOST CHILD.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

She was the sunshine of our home,
An angel to us given!
Just when we learned to love her most,
God called her back to Heaven!

Oh! Death is not a valley dark,
But the celestial portal,
Through which, star-lit by Calvary,
We pass to life immortal.

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 314.

CHAPTER V.

I SPENT a wakeful night, disturbed by a host of new feelings and strong thoughts, that crowded upon me like a rush of waters. All night long a review of the day's hunt went forward in my fancy—the brilliant dresses, those strange faces circled me with a sort of fascination. Sometimes they smiled wearyingly, then they gibbered at my torn garments—and foremost of all was the sneering, white face of Lady Catharine. Oh, how I began to hate that woman! It was the bitter antagonism of a life-time striking root deep in my heart.

Toward morning I thought of old Turner, and with a pang that was punishment enough for the sin of my first disobedience. I knew that he was not only grieved but plunged into difficulties on my account—that all the evils he had been so anxious to guard against were already brought on by my obstinate self-indulgence.

This reflection made me heart sick, and I turned away from the soft daylight as it broke through my room, ashamed to receive it on my ungrateful face. With faltering steps I went down stairs and seated myself in the little breakfast-room. Turner was in the garden, but though I had not the cowardice to shrink from encountering him in the house, I could not summon courage to seek him.

He saw me at the window looking sad enough, I dare say, and, coming up, gave me a handful of tiny white roses, which were the glory of a house plant that he had never allowed to be touched before. I felt the tears rushing to my eyes, and bounding forward toward the old man, murmured in the deepest humility,

"Oh, Mr. Turner, why don't you scold me? Why not punish my wickedness?"

"Because," said the old man, with a miserable shake of the head, "because you will be punished enough, poor thing, before night, or I am mistaken."

"I hope so—I'm sure it would be a satisfaction to be soundly reprimanded. You break my heart with all this kindness."

"Here comes one," said Turner, growing red in the face, "who will not sin in that way, I can answer."

I followed his look, and saw Lady Catharine Irving coming through the garden, walking rather quickly, and brushing down the autumn flowers with the sweep of her garments. On seeing us she resumed the languor usual to her movements, and stooped now and then to gather the snowy flowers of a chrysanthemum, which she seemed to examine curiously while approaching the house.

"Ah, Turner," she said, drawing toward the window, "what a pretty little nest you have here: and what flowers! I have never seen any thing to compare with these," and forming a ring with the thumb and fore finger of her left hand, she drew the snowy tufts softly through it as Nero might have played with a kitten. "Why, you live here with your little family quite like fairies; no wonder you are so often absent from the Hall."

"I hope that none of the duties my lord left for me to perform are neglected, madam," answered Turner, with a degree of dignity that charmed me.

"No, no—I do not complain—far from it, good Turner—that I am here is a proof of it. That sweet child, I could not get her out of my head all night—I hope she was neither frightened nor hurt by the hounds."

"No, madam," I answered, leaning through the sash. "It was rather lonesome being left by myself with the poor stag; but the young gentleman——"

"Hush!" said Turner, sternly, glancing toward Lady Catharine, on whose cheek a feeble color struggled for life.

I saw the color and the glitter in her pale blue eyes, more expressive still, and even Turner's caution could not control me. I was determined she should know that her son had returned to

protect me: the remembrance that he had seemed to fear her knowledge of it only urged me on. "The young gentleman came back and put Jupiter and me into the right path: but for that I don't know what would have become of us."

"Your daughter seems a bright, and—forgive me, good Turner—rather forward little thing," said the mother, drawing the flowers softly across her lips, as she gave him a sidelong glance. "I am very glad though, that she is unharmed."

Turner looked at her, and then with a restless movement at me. The color came up among his wrinkles, and his features began to work as if some unfinished resolution had set them in motion. Before he could speak, however, the artficial softness of Lady Catharine's voice broke in again.

"And your wife—my good Turner—really I must have a sight of her and this pretty home of your's: quite a *bijou* in the grounds truly!"

Placing a richly enameled glass to her eyes, the lady took a quiet survey of the old building before Turner could find words to answer her.

Never had I seen the old man so agitated. The color came and went beneath his wrinkles; his thin lips grew pale and purple by turns; his state of irresolution was painful.

"Come, now, I will step in and see your wife!" said Lady Catharine, dropping her glass to the full length of its Venitian chain, and looking around for the door.

Now Turner became calm, every muscle and nerve settled down; he stood more firmly on the ground, and looking his tormentor steadily in the face, answered quietly,

"Some one must have been joking at my expense, my lady. I have no wife!"

"No wife!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a start that even I could see was premeditated. "No wife—and this child?"

"You are mistaken," said Turner, "this is not my child. Yourself saw me when I took her up from your own door-stone, or rather the door-stone of Clare Hall, eight years ago."

A cold, sneering smile curled Lady Catharine's lip. She lifted her glass again and eyed me through it. "I remember the circumstance," she said, and the hateful smile deepened—"I remember too that a child disappeared very mysteriously but a short time before from this nest—two children in fact—if my people told me aright."

"They did tell you aright, lady," said Turner, sternly—but she interrupted him.

"One, the elder, went out to service, I fancy. This one dropped, miraculously, on my door-step. Well, well, my good Turner, no one thinks of quarreling with this fanciful way of adopting your own children; but her mother—unless you are really married to this woman she must go. I cannot answer it to society—to Lord Clare, the most particular man on earth—if she is allowed to remain on the estate a day longer."

"Madam," said Turner, "I have said but the truth: Zana there is no more my daughter than her Spanish bonne is my wife!"

"Who is her—her father?—who is her mother then?" asked Lady Catharine. I remarked that her voice faltered in putting this question, and she could not look steadily in Turner's face.

Turner looked at her firmly, and a faint smile stirred his lip. Lady Catharine saw it, and once more there arose a shade of color in the ice of her cheek.

"Lady, I can answer these questions no more than yourself, for you were present when I found the poor child."

"And had you never seen her before?" questioned the lady, still eyeing him askance.

Turner hesitated and seemed to reflect, but at last he answered firmly enough. "It is impossible for me to say yes or no."

The lady played with her flowers a while, and then spoke again very softly, and with a degree of persuasion in her voice.

"Well, Turner, we will not press you too hard. I cannot forget that you are my brother's favorite and oldest servant—that he trusted you."

"He did indeed," cried the old man, casting a glance full of affection at me.

"I am sure you would do nothing that could cast reproach on him," continued the lady, placing a strong emphasis on the pronoun.

"Not for the universe," ejaculated Turner.

"And yet, while you live thus—while there is a doubt left regarding this child—cannot you see, my old friend—cannot you see that even my noble brother may be condemned as—as sanctioning—you understand—this species of immorality—on his estates, and in his own personal attendant."

"But how am I to prevent this?" exclaimed Turner, after a moment of perplexed thought, during which he gazed on Lady Catharine, as if searching for some meaning in her words which they did not wholly convey.

"Let me tell you—for I have been thinking on this subject a good deal—she is a fine spirited girl that, a little wild and gipseyish: but a good many of our guests were struck with her."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Turner, with his face all in a glow. "Who could help it?"

"So they inquired a good deal about her, and when it come out that she lived here under your

protection, of course, it led to questions and old things—nonsensical gossip about by-gone times that quite made me nervous—you understand, good Turner. So I told them what I am sure is the truth even yet—that the Spanish woman here is her mother, that she is your own child—that you are married."

Turner shook his head.

"Then it must be so," persisted the lady, "or as I said before, both woman and child must leave the estate."

"You cannot be in earnest!" said Turner.

"Does it seem like earnest when you find me here at this hour in the morning?" replied the lady.

"But it was Lord Clare's desire—his command—that I have control of this house until his return," persisted Turner.

"He mentions nothing of this in his letters to us. Besides you cannot mean to say that he has made such provisions for these females."

"No, Zana was not here at the time; but I know, I am sure——"

"Be sure of nothing," exclaimed Lady Catharine, with more energy than she had yet exhibited—"be sure of nothing, if you love your master, but that you can *serve* him and his best by silencing this subject of public gossip at once. Marry the woman with whom you have been so long domesticated!"

"*Marry!*" exclaimed Turner, with a terrible twist of the face, as if the word had not really come home to his heart till then, "marry at this time of life, and a Spanish woman. Wouldn't it do as well, my lady, if they set me in the pillory for an hour or so?"

"It might not do so well for the girl, perhaps," was the quiet reply.

"For her sake I would do anything!"

"It is a great pity to keep the poor thing caged up here: and what is to become of her in the end? As your daughter she can come up to the Hall and see something of society."

"What, a servant, madam?" cried Turner, reddening fiercely.

"No, no—nothing of the kind, you are no common man, Turner; and certainly that child, with her wild, arch, nay, haughty style, might pass anywhere, she shall come to the Hall and obtain some accomplishments. I should fancy her greatly about the house—she might pick up a little education from my son's tutor, who will be down in a week or two, and become quite an ornament to the establishment."

"She would be an ornament to any place," said Turner, proudly.

"Yes," replied the lady, smiling upon me, "any man might be proud of her for a daughter. I dare say we shall be excellent friends soon—meantime think of what I have said; this is a charming place, it would be a pity for the child to leave it. To-morrow let me have your answer, and come up to the hot-houses for some fruit for Zana: a sweet name, isn't it?"

She moved softly away, holding up her dress and winding carefully through the flower beds, as if her errand had been trivial as her manner.

I could not realize the importance of her conversation all at once. It had been carried on so quietly, so like the ordinary common-place of her patrician life, that its meaning seemed lost in sound. I could even amuse myself with the excitement of poor Turner, who, folding his arms behind him, went furiously pacing up and down the garden, treading everything down in his path, and wading knee deep through the tall autumn blossoms, jerking his feet through now and then, as if it were a relief to destroy anything that came in his way.

I had never seen the old man in this mood before, and almost thought him mad, for he muttered to himself, and seemed quite unconscious that I was a witness to the scene.

At last he came by the window with a long pendant of honeysuckle trailing from his boot.

"Mr. Turner," I said, laughing softly as he came up.

"Oh, you can be amused—easily amused—children always are!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Now can you see what mischief that ride has done? Sit and laugh, truly—but what am I to do?"

"Lady Catharine says you must get married," I answered, mischievously, for rage, instead of appalling, was invariably sure to amuse me.

"Married!" almost shrieked the old man, "and so you have brought me to *that*, you—you!"

The contortions of his face were absolutely too droll, I could not keep from laughing again.

"Zana," said the old man, and tears absolutely stood in his eyes, "I was good to you—I loved you—what right had you to bring this misfortune on me? I knew that evil would come of it when I found Jupiter's stall empty; but marriage, oh, I did not dream of that calamity."

"And is marriage always a calamity?" I inquired, sobered by his evident feeling.

"Yes!" He hissed forth the monosyllable as if it had been a drop of poison that burned his tongue.

"And you dislike it very much?"

"Dislike it!" There is no describing the bitterness that he crowded into these two words.

"Then do not—for my sake do not be married. Why should you? I'm sure it will do me no good. I don't care in the least for it!"

His sharp eyes brightened for an instant, and he looked at me eagerly, like a convict on whom sudden hopes of escape had dawned.

"Then you wouldn't much mind leaving this place, Zana?" he said.

My heart sunk, but I strove to answer cheerfully. "No, no, I—I don't think it would seem so hard after a little!"

"And Jupiter, and Cora?"

I burst into tears.

"There now, that is it—I'm answered—I was sure it would break her little heart," cried the old man, desperately—"I'll do it. I'll bind myself, hand and foot—I'll make an eternal old fool of myself. I'll—I'll. It's no use of struggling, I'm sold, lost—tied up, married!"

He uttered the last word ferociously, casting it down as if it had been a rock.

"Not for me, Turner—not for me," I said, losing all sense of the ludicrous in his genuine repugnance to the measure Lady Catharine had proposed. "I do not understand this—what on earth is the reason they cannot let us live in peace?"

"Because you must be cutting loose from my authority, cantering about like a little Nimrod in long skirts—fighting hounds—getting acquainted with young men whom you ought to hate, to hate, I say, Miss Zana! Because you are a little fool, and I an old one. Because, because—but it's no use talking."

I began to see my disobedience in its true light. Certainly it was impossible to comprehend why it had led to the necessity which my old benefactor so much deplored, but I felt to the bottom of my heart that this evil, whatever it was, had been brought on by myself.

"Mr. Turner," I said, "if I stay in-doors a month, nay, a whole year, will it do any good?"

"No—not the least!"

"What can I do? Indeed, indeed, Turner, I am very sorry," I persisted; "but let us go away, it will be far better to leave Cora and Jupiter, the house, and everything at the Hall." Why did I loose my voice so suddenly? Why did the thought that George Irving was at the Hall depress my heart and speech? I felt myself growing pale, and looked despairingly around the lovely garden, for the first time realizing how dear every flower had become.

Turner looked at me wistfully, and at length went away. I saw him an hour after wandering to and fro in the wilderness; I did not leave the window, though breakfast had been long waiting, the whole conversation had bewildered me. Why should Turner dread this marriage so much?—was it not right? It seemed to me a very easy thing when so much depended on it. Yet how terribly he had been moved. I had never thought so much of marriage in my whole life as at this moment, and its very mysteriousness made me look upon Turner as the victim of some hidden evil. I was resolved that he should not be sacrificed. What was bonne, friends, Jupiter, to the comfort of an old friend like him?

I went forth into the wilderness, and found him sitting at the root of a huge chesnut, with his clasped hands drooping idly down between his knees, and gazing steadfastly on the earth.

"Zana," he said, reaching forth his hand, "sit down here, and tell me all about it. What have I been saying? have I been very cross, darling?"

His kindness went to my heart. I sat down upon a curved root of the tree, and leaned softly against him.

"Yes, a little cross, but not half so much as I deserved," I said, meekly. "But tell me now, Mr. Turner, what is this marriage, what is there so dreadful about it?"

"Nothing, child—nothing," he answered, with forced cheerfulness. "I dare say it is very pleasant—very pleasant indeed to some people. I know of persons who are very fond of weddings, quite charmed with them; but for my part a funeral seems more the thing, there is some certainty about that. It settles a man, leaves him alone, provides for him."

"I never saw a wedding," said I, thoughtfully, "and but one funeral, that was very sad, Mr. Turner; if a wedding is like that, don't be married, it is dreadful! Are weddings like that funeral ever?"

"I have seen weddings a great deal more solemn," he answered, still gazing on the ground. "One that seemed but the mockery of a funeral, and ended in one!"

"What one was that?" I questioned, while a cold chill crept mysteriously through my veins.

"It was Lord Clare's wedding that I was thinking of," he answered, looking up, "and that happened three days before I found you on his door-step."

I looked fearfully around. It seemed as if a funeral train were creeping through the woods, the ghost of some procession that lived in my memory, yet would not give itself forth.

"And do they wish your wedding to be like that?" I whispered, creeping close to him.

"Like that!" said Turner, lifting up his eyes, "God forbid! Mine, if it must be, is but the expiation of that!"

"And would Lord Clare desire it?—would he insist like Lady Catharine?" I questioned. "Would he turn me out of doors unless you married Maria, do you think?"

"He turn you out of doors—he child? I only wish we had some way of reaching him!"

"Where is he now?"

"In Africa, the last we heard, searching for what he will never find."

"And what is that, Mr. Turner?"

"Peace, child, peace, a thing that he will never know again on this side the grave!"

"Is he a bad man then?" I persisted, strangely enthralled by the subject.

"Millions of worse men will live and revel while he has pined himself into the grave.

"Let us leave this place and seek for him," I said, filled with a sympathy so deep that my very heart trembled. "If he is unhappy you and I may do him some good."

"Oh, child, if you could but remember. If I had but some little proof," he answered, gazing at me impressively.

"Proof of what, Turner?—what can you wish to prove?"

"That in which nothing but God can help me!" was the desponding reply.

"It seemed to me," said I, pressing each hand upon my temples, for they were hot with unavailing thought—"it seemed to me as if the thing that you wish to know was beating in my brain all the time. Something there is, blank and dark in my memory—how shall I bring it forth that you may read it?"

"Wait God's own time, my child," answered the old man, gently taking the hands from my temples, "sooner or later that which we wish to learn will be made clear. Come now, let us go home!"

"But they will not let us stay there, and I am ready to go," I remonstrated.

"Yes, they will let us stay now," he answered, with a grim smile.

"Why?"

"Because I shall marry the *Spanish woman* to-morrow."

There was a lingering bitterness in the emphasis placed on the word—Spanish woman, that lengthened the phrase for a moment. It was the last I ever witnessed, old Turner did not sacrifice himself by halves.

"Zana," said the noble old man, as we moved slowly toward the house, "you must not tell Maria of Lady Catharine's visit, or of—of my shameful passion after it. Women have strange ideas about love, and so on, and she might take it into her head to ask awkward questions if she knew all. Do you understand?"

Yes, I understood perfectly. He was anxious to save the poor Spanish woman from a knowledge of his repugnance to the marriage. I promised the secrecy that he desired.

We entered the breakfast-room together. Maria had been waiting for us more than an hour, but she ran cheerfully for the coffee urn and muffins without a word of comment.

I saw Turner look at her with some appearance of interest once or twice during the meal. The queer old philosopher was evidently reconciling himself to the fate that an hour ago had half driven him mad. Maria certainly looked younger and more interesting than usual that morning. Unlike the Spanish women in general, she wore her years becomingly, the moist climate of England, and the quiet of her life conspiring to keep from her the haggard look of old age that marks even mid-life in her native land. The picturesque costume which she had never been induced to change, was also peculiarly becoming; the dark blue skirt and bodice of black cloth; the long braids of her hair, slightly tinged with snow, but gay with knots of scarlet riband; the healthy stoutness of her person united in rendering my faithful bonne anything but a repulsive person. I began to have less compassion for Turner, and with the mobility of youth amused myself with fancying Maria's astonishment when she should learn what the fates had in store for her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

Up! for the sun in the Heavens is high;
Up! for the dew is exhaling apace;
Hounds wake the echoes with clamorous cry,
Steeds snort impatient to be on the chase.

Up! lady fair, for the gallants are here,
Up! cavaliers, nor be laggard of speed.
Fast through the forest the stag flies in fear,
Up, if to-day ye would do gallant deed.

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

BY A. H. BOWEN.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city—balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the carnival masked balls are given here. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. On entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contre-danse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music created a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

The Polonaise, as danced in Berlin, is much more stirring and varying than what is tripped in England under that name. In one of the manœuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle; and as a tall young man dresed in black caught her handerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betokened some agonizing horror. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased. A general rush took place toward the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as the prince royal, and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and the preparations were in a moment completed. It was with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times, "I saw her! I saw her!" He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinsmanship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a coach the moment he was

able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

On our return to the saloon, we found the masked lady who appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. The intensity of the feeling that had been raised now seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned to the pursuits of the evening. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms:—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighborhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction, that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, the graces of whose person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of their hearts; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. Their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the young of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as linking their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the lady's father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker required more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colors. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labor he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme.* The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a

* In Germany a betrothment precedes the marriage, and is almost as ceremonious as the nuptials themselves.

fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed forever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emotion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She, therefore, adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

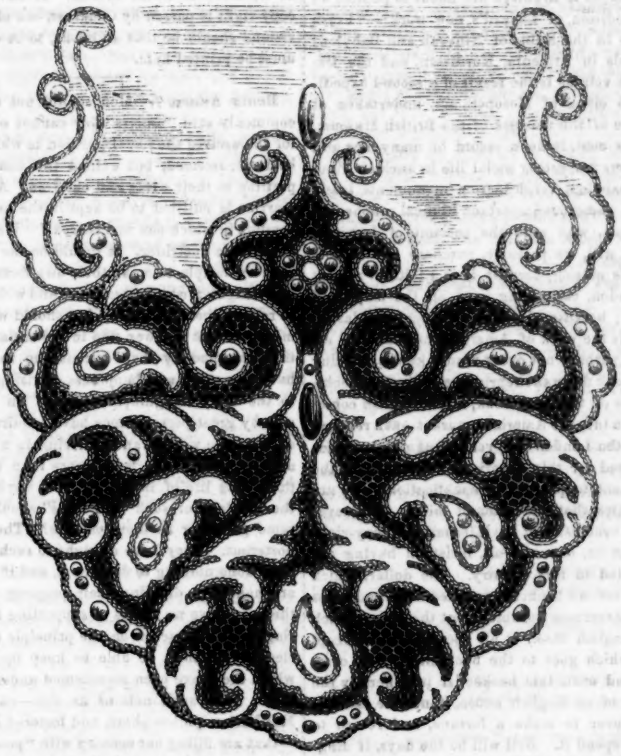
One by one, like rosy blossoms,
Earthly friends around us fall—
Oft the dearest to our bosoms
Are the frailest of them all!
Hearts there are of sterner fashion
That each loss can calmly bear—
Others swayed by softer passion
Keenly feel each sorrow there.
Why was not a sterner nature
Made my portion here below?
Wise, I know, is our Creator,
Tho' His will we may not know—
I have lived to see life's beauty
Stricken from its fragile tree!
Spirit! aid me in my duty,
Let me bow and trust to Thee.

Many a bosom friend departed
Make my days seem desolate:
Lovely ones and faithful hearted
Died beneath the blast of fate!
May I learn this truthful lesson,
Earthly joys are born to die—
Seek my soul a deathless blessing
In a fadeless world on high!
I remember some in sorrow,
Not unmixt with tenderest love—
They have found a brighter morrow
In their sainted homes above:
But I feel a lonely stranger
As life's changing days decline,
When in trial and in danger
Where's the tear to answer mine?

OUR WORK TABLE.

LADY'S CRAVAT OR NECK-TIE, IN APPLIQUE.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of a yard of broad glace, or sarsenet ribbon, blue, pink, or white; a few bugle pearls, some graduated round ditto; some rather stiff white net, and sewing silk, which may be white, or to match the ribbon.

This cravat is one of the very prettiest of Parisian novelties; it has the further merit of being very easily and rapidly worked. The engraving gives the full size of one end of the neck-tie; the two, of course, correspond; and a small piece of the ribbon, near the ends, must be also worked. The cravat is worn with a simple knot and ends, without bows.

The design is to be traced on thick writing-paper, from the engraving; then all the outlines must be pricked, at regular intervals, with a coarse needle. The ribbon is then to be marked at each end in the manner in which embroidery patterns are generally prepared. Tack the net underneath it, and work all the outlines in common chain-stitch, which is to be done rather closely, especially at the edges. Then, with fine lace-scissors, cut away the ribbon from all those parts where the net is seen in the engraving, and add the pearls.

Grey ribbon, with black net beads and bugles, worked with black silk, is extremely pretty for half mourning. Warm tints, such as rose, cerise, dark blue, are also worked with black. It is always advisable to choose a stiff net; that which is soft and silky is not strong enough to support the weight of the thick ribbon and beads.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

American vs. English Books.—We are glad to see that Harper & Brothers are about to publish an American edition of Layard's new work:—"Fresh Discoveries in the Ruins of Ninevah and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert." The volume is the result of a second expedition to the cities of Mesopotamia, undertaken at the expense of the trustees of the British Museum, and besides containing a record of many new and valuable facts respecting social life in ancient Ninevah and Babylon, verifies, from monuments lately discovered, numerous important Biblical prophecies. Every person, who read the account of Layard's expedition, will, we presume, purchase *this edition*. We say this edition, because it is a faithful reprint of the London, containing even all the maps and engravings; because also it is cheaper; and lastly, because it is the work of American mechanics. An attempt, as perhaps not every reader knows, is being made to break down the reprinting of English books. In the case of this very book, a few English copies were thrown into the American market—at a reduced price from the London one, yet still at a higher price than is asked for this American edition—with the avowed intent to prevent a republication. We are glad to notice that the attempt failed. Whatever may be the conclusion of the international copy-right question, let us, one and all, insist on having our books printed in this country. The dollar, which buys an American book, is expended here, and helps to support American workmen; but the dollar, which buys an English book, is all spent abroad, except that part which goes to the bookseller as his commission; and even this bookseller is generally the mere agent of an English house, if not the cadet of one come over to make a fortune, and return to London to spend it. Evil will be the days, if English publishers succeed in monopolizing the book-trade of America, as they are now attempting to do, through some pretended American houses. Farewell to everything national in our literature, in that event; and farewell also to cheapness, when once the monopoly gets established. Under cover of the alleged justice of copy-right protection, the most bitter assaults have been lately made on certain really American publishing houses, to whom, after all—let the envious say what they will—the country owes, in a great measure, its cheap good books. For ourselves we are for sustaining American publishers. We buy no books, in the English, if American editions can be obtained. While we support our own mechanics, we have a certainty of cheap reading, and of the gradual growth of a national literature; but if ever we make London the great manufacturing market for our books, both nationality and cheapness will be gone. Now every English edition of a book that is bought helps to bring on this evil, and make us tributary to Great Britain. If an international copy-right is passed by Congress, one of its first provisions should be that all books, to be entitled to it, must be printed here.

Begin Aright.—"Men should not marry," it is commonly said, "unless they cannot only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children. A woman who marries is entitled to be kept in the same rank and comfort in which she was reared." We entirely disavow these doctrines. It should be the aim of every married couple to make their own fortune. No son and daughter, who become man and wife, are entitled to rely on their patrimony, but should willingly commence life at a lower step in the social ladder than that occupied by their parents, so that they may have the merit and happiness of rising, if possible, to the top. Imagine the case of an aged couple, who by great perseverance have acquired possession of immense wealth, andare living in a style of ease and splendor which is no more than the reward of their long life of industry. Will anybody say that the children of such "old folks" should live in the same grandeur as their parents? The idea is preposterous. They have no right to such luxury, they have done nothing to deserve it, and if their parents are honest in dividing their property among them, they can have no means of supporting it. Yet marriages are contracted on the principle that the married couple shall be able to keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof. It is such notions as this—engendered by Malthusian philosophers, and fostered by lazy pride—that are filling our country with "poor old maids," with coquettish young ladies, with nice cigar-smoking, good-for-nothing, young men.

Summer Riding Habit.—The new Empress of France, it is well known, is an accomplished horsewoman. The following description of an equestrian costume, just completed for her, will interest our fair readers. The dress is composed of the finest summer cloth—the waist very long and tending to a point in front; it is cut so as to come over the hips, thus forming the beginning of the lappet, which is from six to six and a half inches deep, very little separated in front and slightly rounded. The top of the corsage is high behind, open half way down in front, and accompanied by a roll collar of black silk, the sleeves reach to the waist and are half wide, like those of a gentleman's coat, the cuff is from three to four inches deep and bordered, as is like-

wise the body, by a very narrow silk ribbon; the wristband of the shirt appears below the cloth sleeve, and is fastened by two jet buttons. The waistcoat, which is high to the throat, is made of yellow embroidered *Valencias*, terminated by a little collar, not quite half an inch deep, covering the lower part of the blue watered silk cravat which supports a small white cambric collar. The skirt of the habit is plaited all around, and sewed to a flat piece, thereby avoiding any thickness at the wrist. A man's black beaver hat, with a low crown and a black ostrich feather, retained in front by a ribbon bow, and falling to the side, completes the costume.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.—We publish, on our cover, an engraving of the celebrated "Bulletin Buildings," occupied by the "Evening Bulletin," one of the most popular of our Philadelphia dailies. In the same building is published also "The Saturday Gazette," a well known and spirited weekly, formerly "Neal's Gazette." Of both these journals, Alexander Cummings, Esq., is proprietor. Mr. C. is an able, far-sighted, energetic man, and always up with the times; as the "Bulletin Buildings" show both by their beauty outside and by their completeness within. Their location is on Third street, just below Chesnut, in the very centre of business, and next door to the handsome edifice formerly occupied by the first United States Bank, but now leased by the Girard Bank. Perhaps no daily newspaper, in the entire country, has as handsome quarters as the "Evening Bulletin."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays. From Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—It is well known that the plays of Shakspeare, when originally published, were printed, not from the author's manuscript, but from copies furnished by short-hand writers, who took down the several dramas as they heard them on the stage. The great poet seems never to have interested himself about the publication at all, appearing to have thought that the plays belonged exclusively to the theatres, to which they had been sold, and that it would be dishonorable in him to assist in destroying this monopoly. The result was, however, that the published copies were full of blunders, the short-hand writer often mistaking the meaning. In vain have commentators labored since to restore the original text. Moreover, in two centuries, many errors of printing and punctuation have crept in. The end has been that everybody who has read Shakspeare, has often been puzzled to tell what the great bard means, and sometime has been forced to pronounce passages sheer nonsense. All have felt the necessity of corrections, but no one knew how to make them. Accident at last has done more to amend Shakspeare's text than the commentators in a hundred and fifty years.

About four years ago, a copy of the folio of 1632 was purchased, by Mr. Collier, who, some time before, had edited an edition of Shakspeare. The book lay unnoticed on his shelves for a considerable time, when, happening to open it one day, he discovered that it was full of manuscript corrections. Some of these striking him as particularly happy, he was induced to give the volume a full examination. He was rewarded by finding nearly twenty thousand emendations, scattered over the nine hundred pages of the folio, many of them of incalculable value, and most of them proving themselves. The book had evidently either been in use in some theatre, where its blunders had been corrected, or had belonged to some play-goer, thoroughly conversant with Shakspeare's text, as spoken by the actors. The great value of this waif from the past induced Mr. Collier to issue the most important of the corrections, in a supplemental volume to his edition of Shakspeare: and this is the book now republished by Mr. Redfield.

Our narrative of the causes of the defects in Shakspeare's text, and of the origin of these emendations is sufficient, we know, to induce all, who have a copy of the great English dramatist, to purchase this book as a necessary adjunct. Nevertheless we cannot resist giving a few of the corrections. Here are some where the short-hand writer has mistaken the words. In Cymbeline, where Imogen is speaking of an Italian courtezan whom she supposes to have seduced Posthumus, the common editions make her say:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

This arrant nonsense is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio, as follows:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him."

Again, in Coriolanus, Marcus says, in the ordinary editions:—

"You shames of Rome! you herd of —— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, &c."

This the corrected folio makes to read thus sensibly:—

"You shames of Rome! *Unheard of boils and plagues*
Plaster you o'er, &c."

In Macbeth the following ridiculous passage occurs. It is where Lady Macbeth is reproaching her husband for not being ready to murder Duncan, though he had previously vaunted his determination to do it.

"What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man."

None of the commentators could suggest the real meaning. Yet the misprint of a single letter causes all this nonsense. The real reading is as follows:—

"What *boast* was't then,
That made, &c."

Another example of a misprint, making a whole passage absurd, occurs in Falstaff's description of Mrs. Ford in the Merry Wives, Act I., Scene III. The common reading is: "She discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation." By the simple transposition of two letters in the word "carves," turning it into "*craves*," the annotator makes the passage intelligible.

The reader is now able to judge for himself or herself of the great value of this volume. It has been published in a handsome, yet cheap style. A fac-simile of one of the pages of the original folio, containing corrections and all, makes an appropriate frontispiece.

Yusef. By J. Ross Browne. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is almost as fresh a book as "Eothen," and is decidedly better, in many respects, than "The Crescent and the Cross." The author is a young American, whom we remember, years ago, before he thought of travel, and when he first began to have an ambition to appear in print. Subsequently he went on a whaling voyage, wrote a capital book on the subject when he came home, and has since travelled through much of the East, and written this other book; while, all the while, we have been quietly sitting at home, here in Philadelphia, living as methodically as a vane on top of a meeting-house. So goes the world! We are glad to see an old contributor turn out such a popular writer, not only because we predicted it, but because he really deserved success. We advice all who wish an agreeable book, the best thing published on the Orient for many a day, to purchase this spicy volume.

The Mother and Her Offspring. By Stephen Tracy, M. D. Formerly a Missionary Physician of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Chinese. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—For young married females this is an excellent book. It is, indeed, the only one of the kind we have ever seen, which we can recommend. Much valuable information, indispensable to health, is contained in it, all imparted in a decorous manner, and with great clearness.

Carlotina and the Sanfadesti; or, A Night With the Jesuits at Rome. By Edmund Farrane. 1 *vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.*—This is a story of Italy, during the revolution of 1848. Its purpose, as may be seen from the title, is polemical as well as political. Parts of its display much power. But other parts appear to us in very bad taste.

Woman's Life; or, The Trials of Caprice. By Emilie Carlan. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A spirited story, by a Swedish author, who is regarded, in her country, as superior in many respects to Miss Bremer.

The History of the Crusades. By Joseph Francois Michaud. Translated from the French, by W. Robson. 3 *vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. R. Zeiber.*—Of the many histories of the Crusades this is the most complete. For a long period it has enjoyed a European reputation of the highest character, so that we are surprised it has never before been translated into our tongue. Though an elaborate work, it is yet not a dull one, but, on the contrary, is often as absorbing as a romance. The more intelligent portion of the reading public owe their thanks to Mr. Redfield, for having placed these volumes before them, in so elegant a style, yet at so comparatively low a price. No other history of the Crusades will be read, in America, after this. Maps of Syria, and other places mentioned in the volume, depicting the boundaries of states in the time of the Crusades, accompany the work.

Vinet's Pastoral Theology. Translated and Edited by the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Whatever Dr. Skinner undertakes he does well, whether it is preaching a sermon, lecturing from the chair professorial, or translating a book. We need only say, therefore, that this famous work, on the theory of the evangelical ministry, will never, it is probable, find a better dress in our English tongue, and that consequently, all who are interested in the subject, should add it, as a standard book, to their collection.

Three Tales. Translated from the French of the Countess D'Arbourville. By M. B. Field. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Three charming stories, not only moral in the strictest sense, but told with a wonderful delicacy and beauty. Their titles are "The Village Doctor," "Resignation," and "Christian Van Amberg." The translation is not only faithful, but what is rare in such cases, idiomatic.

The Catanese. By Ella Rodman. 1 *vol. New York: Bunnell & Price.*—This is a literary effort, by our popular contributor, in a new field. Leaving, for the time, stories of modern life, she enters the world of medieval romance, choosing for her theme the life of Joanna of Naples. The tale is deeply interesting, and should have a large sale. It is neatly published.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Wash White Silk Stockings.—Wash in lukewarm water to get out the rough dirt, then boil in soap and water ten minutes; rinse in clean water and wash again with white soap if necessary. For flesh color, a little saucer pink may be used in the rinsing water; for pale lilac, cudbear, tied in a bit of muslin and squeesed in cold water in which a bit of washing soda has been dissolved. Dry and put them face to face on a leg tree, then polish them with a glass rubber, or send them to be calendered or mangled. Care must be taken not to give too deep a shade of color.

To make an Omelette Soufflée.—Separate as they are broken the whites from the yolks of six eggs; beat the yolks thoroughly, first by themselves, and then with four tablespoonfuls of dry sifted white sugar, and the rind of a lemon, finely rasped. Whisk the whites to a solid froth, and just before the omelet is poured into the pan, mix them well but lightly with the yolks. Put four ounces of fresh butter into an omelet or small frying-pan, and, as soon as it is all dissolved, add the eggs, and stir them round, that they may absorb it entirely. When the under side is just set, turn the omelet into a well buttered dish, and put it in a tolerably brisk oven. From five to ten minutes will bake it, and it must be served the instant it is taken out. It will have risen to a great height, but will sink and become heavy in a very short space of time. Sugar may be sifted over it, but must be done very quickly.

To Prevent Rust.—Add to a quart of cold water half a pound of quick lime; let this stand until the top is quite clear; pour off the clear liquid, and stir up with it a quantity of sweet oil, until the mixture becomes a thick cream, or rather of the consistence of butter which has been melted for the table, and become cold. Rub the iron or steel which is to be put by with this mixture, and then wrap it in paper. Knives, &c., treated in this way will not acquire the least rust. If the nature of the articles will not admit of their being wrapped in paper, they will still remain free from rust, by covering them more thickly with the mixture.

To Pickle Tomatas.—Select those which are mature, but not dead ripe. Short stalks may be left upon them, as they will be ornamented rather than otherwise. Wipe them dry with a soft cloth, put them in a jar, and mix them with a few eschalots and silver onions already pickled and fit for eating; cover the whole with cold vinegar in which the usual spices have been boiled, close the jar, and in three weeks its contents will be ready for use.

To Preserve Eggs.—Put them in a jar with bran, to prevent their breaking; cork and hermetically seal the jar; put into a vessel of water heated to two hundred degrees Fahr., or twelve degrees under boiling. The vessel with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it; remove the jar. The eggs may then be taken out and will keep for six months.

To Wash Blonde.—Wind it singly on a bottle, then cover this fold with two or three of muslin. Soak in clean strong soap suds and rub and press through the muslin till all dirt is removed. Rinse well without removing and apply to it a weak solution of gum arabic. Dry it nearly by applying cloths, and as it is unrolled pass an iron over it.

Cream may be Preserved for several weeks by dissolving in water an equal quantity of white sugar to the cream you wish to keep. Use only as much water as will dissolve the sugar, and make a rich syrup. Boil this, and while hot add the cream, stirring them well together. When cold, put in a bottle and well cork.

To Clean a Gold Chain.—Dissolve three ounces of sal ammoniac in six ounces of water, and boil the article in it; then boil for a few minutes in a quart of water, with two ounces of soft soap; wash afterward in cold water, rub dry, and shake the chain for some time in a bag with dry bran.

Sugar and Bread should be very sparingly given to canaries; but they suffer more from sudden changes in temperature than most people are aware of, and should be shaded from the intense heat of the sun, as well as never be hung in a current of air.

To wash a Feather.—Pass through a strong and hot solution of white soap; rinse in tepid, then in cold water; then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing it near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin, frequently shaking it.

Strawberry-Runners should be pegged down for planting in new beds in June, and in August or September be planted in a rich soil well manured; all runners and blossoms should be cut off the plants the first year.

Animal Food is rendered harder and less digestible by being salted. Meat may be preserved fresh for months, by being immersed in molasses.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

We give, this month, a fashion plate engraved on steel, representing the most graceful costumes of the season for children: also a walking dress, and patterns for a berthe and canezou, inserted below.

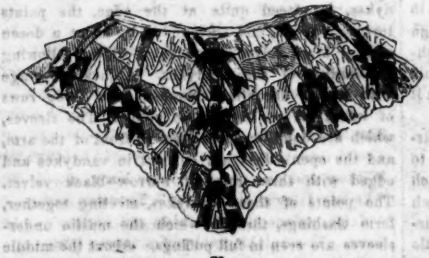
Fig. I.—Dress for a little Girl seven or eight years old.—Skirt, chemisette and sleeves of fine white lawn, and a bodice *a la Raphael* of dark blue silk, or black velvet. Pantalettes of cambric, with a deep hem. Gaiters of dove colored cashmere.

Fig. II.—Dress for a Boy eight or nine years of age.—Pantaloons of dark blue *cashmarette*, gathered slightly at the waist. Jacket of white linen, nearly plain on the shoulders, and fuller at the waist; medium sized shirt sleeves, and a wide collar turned down over a gay plaided handkerchief. Gaiters of drab colored cloth, with patent leather tips.

Fig. III.—Visiting Dress of Cinnamon colored Chalais.—The skirt is trimmed in a very novel style: a bias piece of silk, cut out in large vandykes, is placed quite at the edge, the points turning upward, and surrounded by about a dozen rows of black velvet of graduated widths, following the outline of the vandykes. A jacket corsage with square basquines trimmed with three rows of velvet set on in Chinese points. The sleeves, which are demi-long, are open in front of the arm, and the open edges are cut out in vandykes and edged with three rows of narrow black velvet. The points of these vandykes, meeting together, form slashings, through which the muslin undersleeves are seen in full puffings. About the middle of the lower arm the fulness of the under-sleeve is

III.

IV.



V.

gathered on a band of needle-work insertion, to the lower end of which are attached two ruffles of muslin ornamented with needle-work, falling as low as the wrist. Bonnet of white silk, with a white ostrich feather on each side. Under-trimming, flowers and loops of ribbon, and a plait of hair passed across the upper part of the forehead. We give this dress chiefly to show our readers a new style of sleeve.

Fig. IV.—Canezou.—This very elegant canezou is composed of rows of lace and puffings of tulle, with runnings of pink ribbon within the latter. The ends of the canezou cross one over the other in front of the waist, where they are fastened with a bow of pink satin ribbon. Bows of the same on the shoulders. The sleeves are formed of puffings of tulle, edged with rows of lace.

Fig. V.—Berthe.—The form is half high, and the foundation of tulle is covered with rows of lace set on in easy fulness. The trimming in our pattern is blue satin ribbon, but the color of the trimming should harmonize with the dress with which it is intended to be worn.

General Remarks.—The dress-makers have confirmed our prophecy of "low necked" dresses for the warm weather, and for this reason we have given the cut of the beautiful and becoming *canezou* in our present number. Embroidery, lace, and tulle illusion will be plentifully levied upon for this graceful addition to the toilet. Some of the low corsages which we have seen have fronts like that of the *canezou*, except that the ends instead of hanging loose are fastened back nearly under the arms. The open space in front is filled with rows of lace.

For summer Bonnets, a favorite trimming is very light creeping branches, that is to say they do not simply hang down at the side, but run along the bonnet; the inside is trimmed in the same manner. The branches are made of lilacs, bindweed, periwinkles, or simply of verdure. A good many straw flowers of extraordinary delicacy will also be worn, which are inferior only to the feather clematis, the most graceful thing in the world.

Some new Talmas, which have just been imported, are made very small, very much like the old-fashioned "fireman's" or circular cape, reaching just to the waist, and trimmed with three rows of black lace with deep-pointed edge, set on with a very slight fulness to a black net foundation. Black silk is not so much worn as formerly for mantillas, the fancy colors predominating, as apple green, lilac, and the different shades of drab, and dove. These two latter colors are more universally worn, as they most readily harmonize with any dress or bonnet. Black is also good for this season.

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